

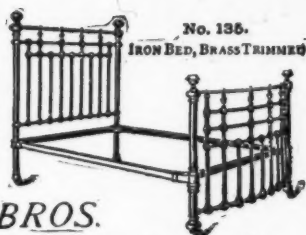
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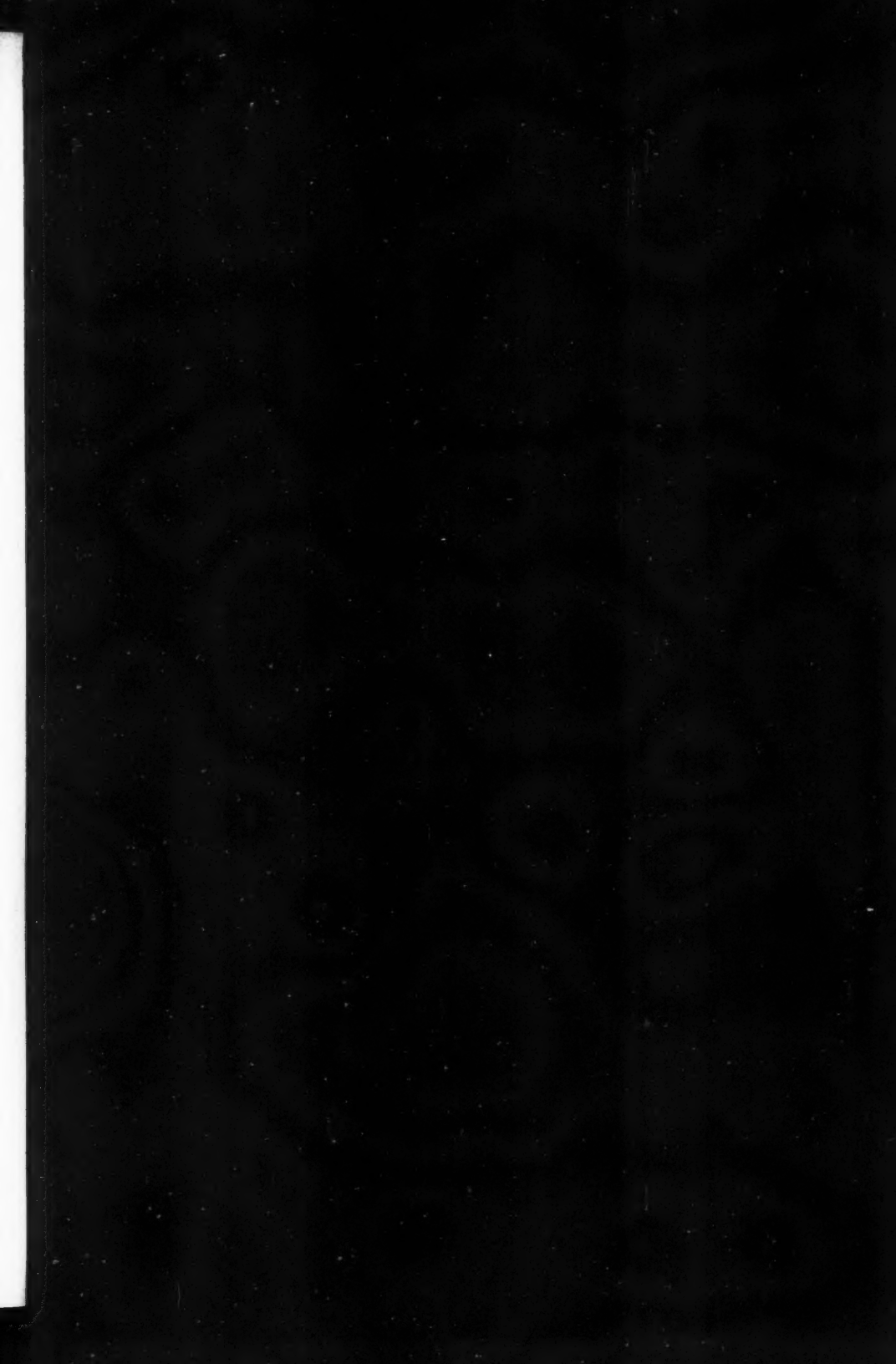
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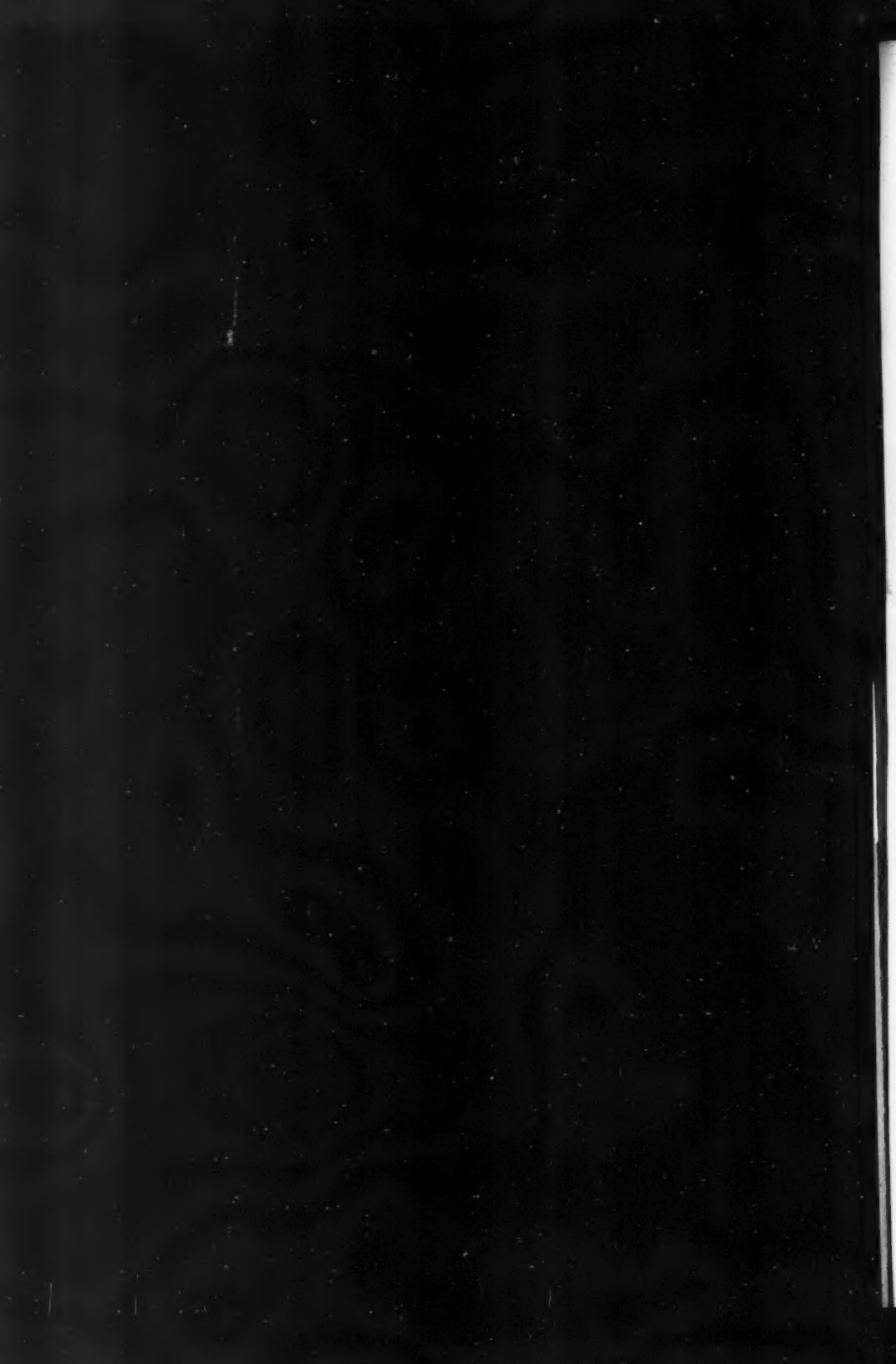
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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series, }  
Volume X. }

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{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CCIX. }

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## POETRY.

THE POET'S GRAVE, . . . . .	450	"WINTER DAYS ARE SAD AND DARK," . . . . .	450
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A PAUSE, . . . . .	450		

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## THE POET'S GRAVE.

Oh, wayfarers, be mute  
 As ye pass by.  
 With viol and with lute,  
 Muses, make melody  
 And music soft and slow  
 Where he lies low.

Dear Heart, to cover thee  
 Blossoms I bring.  
 I strew all over thee  
 White lilies, and I fling  
 A wealth of roses red  
 To make thy bed.

Lo, for thy song sublime,  
 Laurels I throw:  
 Green garlands for all time  
 And dead, I crown thee so  
 And make thee offering meet,  
 O singer sweet.

Oh, may the earth be light  
 Upon thy head,  
 And on thy grave at night  
 Soft dew, like tears, be shed,  
 And rich-veined ivy creep  
 Where thou dost sleep.

ETHEL R. BARKER.

Versailles.

Academy.

## AT BENEDICTION.

She knelt beneath the flaming central  
 light,  
 Whereon was wrought Maid Mary in  
 her cell  
 Harkening the cold high words of  
 Gabriel,  
 Who bore three Lady-lilies, tall and white.  
 My love's bowed face was hidden out of  
 sight  
 In tender palms, and on her bright hair  
 fell  
 Faint stains of crimson, whilst the  
 organ's swell  
 Shook the hushed church in pauses of the  
 Rite.

The dusk drew down, the gold and pur-  
 ple went,  
 Yet still she knelt,—ah, surely not in  
 vain  
 Was that dear prayer, but from the  
 darkened pane  
 To hear her words the Virgin Mother  
 bent,

Whilst on her soul was shed, like silver  
 rain,  
 The Benediction of the Sacrament.

EUGENE MASON.

## A PAUSE.

They made the chamber sweet with  
 flowers and leaves,  
 And the bed sweet with flowers on  
 which I lay;

While my soul, love-bound, loitered on  
 its way.

I did not hear the birds about the eaves,  
 Nor hear the reapers talk among the  
 sheaves:

Only my soul kept watch from day to  
 day,

My thirsty soul kept watch for one  
 away:—

Perhaps he loves, I thought, remembers,  
 grieves.

At length there came a step upon the stair,  
 Upon the lock the old familiar hand:  
 Then first my spirit seemed to scent the  
 air

Of Paradise; then first the tardy sand  
 Of time ran golden; and I felt my hair  
 Put on a glory, and my soul expand.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

Winter days are sad and dark,  
 All the world seems withering;  
 Yet the spring is coming. Hark!  
 Birds begin to sing.

Sunset scarcely brings a blush—  
 Scarce a smile the dawn of day;  
 Still the Spring is coming. Hush!  
 Men and women pray.

Once again wide open stand  
 Portals of another Lent;  
 Let us enter, hand in hand,  
 With a fixed intent

Very simply to accept  
 Whatsoever His Hands dispense,  
 Who, a sinless Mourner, wept  
 Tears of penitence.

To His Cross again we turn;  
 Love thereat her chalice fills,  
 Till her weeping eyes discern  
 Daybreak on the hills.

Hush! the spirit-voices pray;  
 Hark! the spirit-voices sing;  
 Nearer draws our Easter Day—  
 God's eternal Spring.

ALFRED GURNEY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
A HEROINE OF THE RENAISSANCE.

In the Capella Feo of SS. Biagio and Girolamo at Forlì is a fine fresco, painted by the great native artist Melozzo degli Ambrosoli. The picture, crowded with figures, represents the miracle wrought by St. James of Compostella, when he recalled into life some hens and hares that were already roasted for the table at which he sat eating. As witnesses of this miracle, after the quaint fashion of the century, are represented, kneeling, Girolamo Riario, the elderly nephew of Pope Sixtus IV., and his wife Caterina Sforza. Bending over her, as though to ask an explanation of the wonder, is their eldest son, who resembles his mother—a fine curly-headed lad; while behind her, in the haughty pride of virile manhood, leans carelessly against a pillar Giacomo Feo, the hotly loved second husband of Caterina, to whose memory this picture was painted by her order after his cruel murder. Caterina is clad in the modest garb of a pilgrim, with staff and shoon; her head is swathed, so that we merely see her profile. But what a head is this! What splendid energy in the large piercing eye, the small well-cut mouth, the strongly developed chin! How beautiful was this woman, even in the early thirties, when this portrait was limned! How much more beautiful must she have been when young! No wonder that, gifted with every good gift of fate, fortune, beauty, intelligence, she turned the heads of her contemporaries, was known as *la prima donna d'Italia*, and has left her mark for all time. Moreover, was she not the ancestress of all the Medicæan Grand Dukes of Tuscany, and hence of all the Bourbons from Louis XIII. downward? It is not surprising that such a figure has tempted many a biographer's hand; but it has been reserved for a modern Italian to do full justice to this remarkable woman, and he has raised to her memory a monumental work that leaves no room for a future word to be said on the subject. In fulfilling this pious act in favor of a lady often maligned,

much misunderstood, Count Pasolini almost effects a work of expiation. It would seem that when the great family of Sforza was as yet but named Attendoli, inhabiting Cotignola,—a hamlet that lies betwixt Ravenna and Castel Bolognese,—there arose at the end of the fourteenth century a bitter feud between the Pasolini and the Attendoli, who both desired the hand of a rich heiress of those parts. The Sforza were conquered in the strife. Now that no descendants of the Sforza remain on earth the direct heir of the victor has devoted to the daughter of the man to whom his forebears did mortal injury, some years of earnest study as a species of atavistic expiation.

Caterina Sforza is certainly one of the most characteristic figures of that rich and remarkable epoch, the fifteenth century—that great, glorious, terrible *cinque cento* when art, war, and adventure seemed to reach their zenith. The discovery of a new world, and the rapidly progressing corruption and disintegration of the Papal Church, were factors which could not fail to leave an indelible mark upon their age. The woman whose eventful life forms the subject of this article lived through the reigns of three popes—Sixtus IV., Innocent VIII., and Alexander VI. Her sister married the Emperor Maximilian II., and she herself became, by her marriage with Giovanni de' Medici, the ancestress of the later Stuarts, of the direct line of the kings of France, and of the present king of Spain. When the brutal, Cesar Borgia was devastating Italy, and neither the Duke of Milan nor the king of Naples dared oppose him, this woman, who knew not the word fear, intrenching herself in her castle of Forlì, defied and resisted him. No soldier could fight better than she, no strategist could better defend and fortify a position, and yet she remained through all the vicissitudes of her most eventful life a true woman—beautiful, fascinating, and admired. When she died at the early age of forty-six, three times a widow, she

had touched during her lifetime the extremes of human splendor and human misery. Her life is a compendium of that strange life of the Middle Ages whose wonderful remains greet the eye at every turn in modern Italy. Ivy-mantled ruins, magnificent temples, glorious works of art, wild stories of battle and of crime, produce upon the mind of the student an impression which can perhaps be brought into coherence in no better way than by the exhaustive study of some one central figure, which, like the one before us, stands out unique and forcible, distinguished from the rest by qualities exclusively its own.

Caterina Sforza's strange individuality cannot be properly appreciated without an account of her ancestry, on the father's side at least, for her mother was an obscure personage. Her paternal great-grandfather was Giacomo, or Giacomuzzo, Attendolo. He was born in Cotignola, in the province of Faenza in Romagna, of a rich and noble family. His mother gave birth to twenty-one sons, who were all "nurtured in such a manner that they despised rich vestments, delicate food, and soft couches; and all had a certain valorous vigor of soul and body, by which they maintained the reputation of the family, which they often did by deeds of arms." This martial-minded ancestress unquestionably handed down some of her qualities to her descendant Caterina, the most perfect type of the Amazon of the Middle Ages, as sung by Boiardo, Ariosto, and Tasso. It is narrated that one day in the year 1382, as Muzzo Attendolo, then thirteen years old, was quietly working on his father's land, he heard the sounds of fife and drum. These warlike strains announced the advent of some soldiers belonging to the company of Boldrino da Panicale, who were out searching for recruits. "Oh, Muzzo!" they cried, "away with the spade, and come with us in search of fortune." Muzzo listened to them, hesitated awhile, and then flung his spade against a tree, resolved if it adhered there to follow the soldiers, but if it dropped to the ground, to stay at

home. The spade, flung by so powerful an arm, remained in the tree, and Muzzo, helping himself to one of his father's horses, stole off that same night and joined the camp. After two years he returned to visit his family. "I left them without taking leave," he said; "let me at least give them the satisfaction of knowing that I am alive and well." But he thought, spoke, and dreamt only of arms and armies. "Be then a man-at-arms," said his father, and, mortgaging a farm, he bought him four horses, arms, and accoutrements. With these Muzzo set off again, taking with him a train of relations, young and martial like himself. He was so strong and fierce that his comrades speedily bestowed on him the nickname of Sforza, *per certo indomito vigor d'animo*, little dreaming how world-famous that name was to become. Restless by nature, he would listen eagerly to the tales told of the valiant captains of his day—Brogliè di Chieri, Biordo, and Acuto (as the Italians call Sir John Hawkwood). "I am as good as they," he thought; "can I not drive out the strangers who have turned Romagna into a lake of blood?" For horrible massacres had devastated the land and filled it with terror. Now among the Italians who had risen in revolt against the foreign mercenaries Ziberigo di Balbiano was conspicuous, and it was he who drew Sforza and his Attendoli after him to war. Recruiting companies passed from house to house, rousing the youths with tales of the pleasures that waited on the soldier's trade, until the fields were abandoned to old men and women. Sforza joined the "Company of St. George," composed entirely of Italians who had sworn never to turn their backs upon their foreign enemies. Thus it was that the fortunes of the house of Sforza arose with the new birth of Italian valor. And Sforza was to prove the greatest and most fortunate of these *capitani di ventura*, serving alternately four popes and four kings. On the death of Ladislaus of Naples he attached himself to his sister, Queen Joanna, who "consulted him in all matters of importance,

and treated most familiarly and affectionately" the handsome soldier. Indeed he became her lover, and she created him commander-in-chief of her troops. But though he rose so high, Muzzo always retained traces of his peasant origin. Thus he knew well the value of money, though he used it as a means, not an end. He never wrote down his accounts, but also never made a mistake in figures. He could have money whenever he needed it, because, according to a chronicler of the period, "of the singular love which all the bankers bore to him." His camp discipline was severe; no robbing was allowed; traitors were straightway strung up to the nearest tree and abandoned to the birds of the air. A stain or rust on armor or accoutrements provoked a beating. He who had not a fine plume upon his helmet was hissed and disgraced. Sforza would have his men-at-arms be splendid in their equipment. No gambling or swearing was permitted. On leisure days the captain joined his men in gymnastic feats, surpassing all in strength and agility. He encouraged the reading aloud of tales of chivalry and offered rewards for translations of the warlike histories of Greece and Rome. The art of writing he never mastered. If he needed to communicate he would dictate, signing his letters with a cipher he had invented while shut up in the Castel del Ovo at Naples. He employed no clerks but friars, saying they were the best spies, for under the excuse of religion they could go anywhere. "Have you three enemies?" he said. "Make peace with the first, a truce with the second, then come down with all your might on the third and smash him well." In battle he was rash. Often his soldiers had, like those of Victor Emmanuel, to rush after him into the thick of combat, forcing him with oaths and tears to save himself. He contended that a good soldier must look out for a good cause and not fight for pay only, yet he should never exult at the death of his enemies. Observant of all religious forms, and hearing mass daily, he yet objected to all exaggerations, deeming

it "hypocrisy and stupidity to bother the Almighty with long ceremonies." His matrimonial relations were, to say the least, irregular, Francesco, his heir and mental successor, was the son of one of his mistresses.

In January, 1424, Sforza, then aged fifty-five, was fighting a battle at the mouth of the river Pescara, when suddenly a strong north wind sprang up, the sea rolled heavily, and the river rose. Certain of his squadrons had remained on the farther bank, afraid to pass. Sforza, who had already crossed, signed to them to come on, and when they still hesitated, dashed into the stream to encourage them. Half-way across he looked back, and saw that his favorite page, who had followed him, was sinking. "Ah, poor boy!" he cried, "is there no one to help you?" and leaning sideways from his horse, he caught him by the hair. But in so doing he had jerked the reins—the horse, a fiery young charger, reared, and caught his heels in the river-mud, causing his rider to lose his seat. Impeded by his heavy armor, Sforza was unable to regain the shore, drowning just where the impetuous current of the river joined the billows of the sea. Twice his mailed hands were seen to clasp themselves together above the waves. No one dared brave the raging flood to rescue him. All this took place just when the victory was all but certain, for the enemy had been driven back into the walls of Pescara. At that moment a soldier, pale and gasping, ran up to Francesco Attendolo, and told him of his father's fate. Instantly on every side arose lamentations and cries of discouragement. Francesco, unmoved, continued to fight until the victory was assured. A few hours after he sought the fatal flood, crossing it in a crazy little boat, and rowing with an oar he had rudely shaped from the branch of a tree. Kneeling bareheaded, unmoved by the darts which the enemy, who caught sight of him, directed at his frail bark, he pushed to the opposite bank, where the old soldiers of Sforza crowded weeping around him. "Be faithful to me," he said, "as you have

been to my father; follow me, and with God's help I will lead you to glory and fortune. They accepted his offer then and there. But of the first great Sforza's body no trace was ever found.

Francesco's first move was to offer his services to Joanna of Naples. The queen came riding out to meet the returning army. Scarcely did she catch sight of him than she burst into tears. "Oh Sforza, Sforza!" she cried, "at least your name shall live. You shall be Francesco Sforza; this shall be the name of your brothers and your sons until all time." Such was the origin of the great and noble name.

Francesco retained no trace of the rusticity which had characterized his father. A distinguished soldier, he had already won twenty-two battles. More than once he might have been made prisoner; but when he appeared his presence carried all before it, his enemies threw down their weapons and hailed him "the common father of all men-at-arms." Like his sire, he held before his mental vision one constant aim. His was to acquire a crown. What valor and success in arms had initiated matrimony completed. Bianca Maria, daughter of Filippo Maria, the last of the Visconti, brought him the rights and privileges of an ancient and princely name. The death of Filippo Maria found Francesco Sforza and his wife at Francesco's ancestral home of Cotignola. With four thousand horse and two thousand foot-soldiers he instantly set off for Cremona, which was his wife's by right of dowry. Filippo's widow, Maria of Savoy, was still living; but Bianca, the wife of Sforza, was not her daughter. Her mother was Agnese del Maino, a mistress of the late duke. It must always be borne in mind that in the Middle Ages the position of illegitimate children was entirely different from what it is to-day. Catherine Sforza herself was, as we shall see, the illegitimate daughter of a married woman. Natural children were generally treated as on a par with those born in wedlock. Consequently Bianca Maria Visconti could bring with her

all the prestige and rights of a legitimate heiress. The widow, who wished to dispute her rights, called in the aid of her family, the house of Savoy. Francesco, then captain-general of the Milanese forces, allied himself with the Venetians, and, after the victory of Caravaggio, laid siege to Milan and entered it, victorious, in February, 1450. His entry was made in the most republican style; he allowed the famished multitude to pillage his soldiers, whom he compensated for their loss. The Milanese, proud of having the great chief for their ruler, had prepared a triumphal car and a robe of cloth-of-gold; but he refused them, saying that he was going to church to thank God, before whom all men were equal, and that such honors were "superstitions of kings."

Francesco Sforza was certainly the ideal soldier of fortune. At seventy he appeared at a congress of princes in Mantua, riding erect like a young man, and mentally fresher than many there present. He was grave, handsome, affable, and calm. None ever left his presence angry or disappointed. He tried his best to maintain justice, and was always respectful to religion. In an age of bitter feuds and intolerance he founded the great hospital at Milan for the benefit of all sick persons, irrespective of distinctions of country or of creed. He recognized every one of his subjects and soldiers, and called them by their Christian names (his father remembered the names even of his soldiers' horses). To his wife Bianca he was a loving husband; he liked to have his sons about him whenever possible, and interested himself carefully in their education and training. Certainly Bianca Maria was a woman to love—beautiful, brave, and intelligent. Once, during her husband's absence, hearing that the castle of Monza had revolted, she assembled her soldiers, saying, "Who loves me will follow me," and on foot, at the head of her troops, she appeared before the rebels, who promptly yielded up the stronghold. She it was who counselled the Milanese to receive her husband



and herself, promising that in Francesco they would find a father and a brother. Thus it was she who won for him her paternal State. In the observance of her religious duties she was strict, "fasting like a nun." So carefully had she been educated that she was able to direct her sons' education, setting them themes in Latin. Yet she never overlooked that they were "to be brought up as princes, and not as *litterati*." The manners of these youths were the wonder of all who visited the court. Some flaw there must have been, however, in the system, for none of them did credit to it in later life. Francesco Sforza died the 8th March, 1466. That same night Bianca convoked the Milanese princes and exacted their oaths of fealty to her person. She also notified the sad event to the other Italian rulers—in fact did all that was needful; but, says an eye-witness, "her aspect moved all men to pity." At once she took up the reins of that government which she had saved for her son, and held them with such wisdom that in all Italy she was spoken of with reverence. But the new duke was rebellious,—he complained that "he was treated like a boy;" and rendered yet more haughty by his marriage with Bona of Savoy, through whom he had become connected with the king of France, he grew at last so insolent that his unhappy mother left Milan to seek shelter in her own city of Cremona. Halting at Melegnano, she was taken ill, and died blessing her children and commending her servants to their care.

Such were the paternal antecedents of Caterina Sforza, characters who, both by heredity and tradition, exercised a strong influence upon her nature, which especially bore strongly the impress of her great-grandfather, Muzzo Attendolo, the peasant of Cotignola.

Galeazzo Maria Sforza, Caterina's father, was not the equal of either his father or grandfather. He was rash, brutal, ferocious. Never having had to overcome obstacles, his character was without balance or self-control. He was ambitious of outshining every

other court in splendor and profusion, knowing that thus he could render himself popular with the multitude. Hence he surrounded himself with armed men and artists, and, like many modern sovereigns, was himself desirous of literary fame. He certainly did not lack all civic virtues; thus he permitted no robbery in public offices, and he protected the freedom of trade. Nevertheless he wrote to one of his treasurers, "Take care that our subjects do not obtain the liberty which exists in Savoy," where at this time (1474) a representative system of government already prevailed. A contemporary called him "a monster of vice and virtue." Little by little the court and city became corrupted by his example, until "modesty was reputed uncivilized." Galeazzo lies under the suspicion of having poisoned his mother. His deeds in Milan do not contradict this imputation. Before marrying Bona of Savoy he was contracted to another bride, Dorothea of Mantua. This Dorothea "died suddenly" at the age of nineteen in a convent at Cremona. Her death was, to say the least of it, so convenient that Galeazzo is also suggested to have had a hand in it. His marriage with Bona was celebrated by proxy. She proved an excellent wife for the eccentric and capricious Galeazzo. Many were the victims saved by her intercession from his wrath. By her he had three sons and two daughters, besides his five natural children, one of whom was the great and famous Caterina Sforza.

Caterina's mother was a certain Lucrezia, the wife of a court official, a most beautiful woman, who was Galeazzo's first love, for his connection with her dated from his seventeenth year. The first mention of this favorite daughter occurs in a letter written by Galeazzo when in camp to his mother, Bianca Maria Visconti. The five-year-old child was ill, and had been left in the care of her paternal grandmother, and the anxious father sent two special messengers to ask for her news. He had already legitimized her and adopted her in every sense. The date

of Caterina's birth is uncertain. It was about 1463, and occurred either at Pavia or Milan. Notwithstanding the fact that the child was taken from her, Caterina's mother always remained on friendly terms with her daughter. She was with her in Forlì when Caterina's first husband was murdered, and also at the time Caterina defended the citadel against Caesar Borgia, and it seems likely that she survived her heroic child. This domestic arrangement, which would seem so peculiar at the present day, produced no scandal at that period of easy-going morals, when the word of a father rendered the position of a natural child absolutely equal to that of those born in wedlock. The pious Bona of Savoy knew and accepted the situation, and always treated Caterina in all respects like her own daughter. From earliest childhood she must have been exceedingly beautiful and intelligent, and seems to have been a general favorite. She was promised in marriage by her father, while still a child, to Count Onorato Torelli, son of the captain-general of the ducal troops; but Onorato died, and a more brilliant horizon opened out before our heroine. Caterina was most carefully educated. The duke, her father, prided himself on his culture, and his court was filled with learned men. Hence masters were easily found for the children. The Italian princesses of the humanistic epoch were without exception well educated, enjoying the same privileges as their brothers, and receiving the same classical training. At the Italian courts of that period the position of women was in no way inferior to that of men. Matrimony was considered more as the alliance of two equal powers than the merging of one individuality in another; and women were often called upon to reign, either independently or as regents for husbands or sons, and this had to be borne in mind in their education.

The first important event of Caterina's life was a visit she paid to Florence with her father. Lorenzo de' Medici was then ruling, and Galeazzo, who had possessed himself of Imola,

was anxious to secure the Medici sanction to the proceeding; so, on pretext of a vow made to the Santissima Annunziata, he voyaged to the Medician court. On this occasion Caterina figured as the eldest daughter of the house of Sforza. The journey was long in those days, the entertainment magnificent, so that the child never forgot it, retaining to her life's end a warm attachment to Florence and the Florentines.

Sixtus IV., that papal libertine, best remembered in these latter days in connection with the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, which he founded, enjoys the unenviable reputation of having been the first pope who set the example of aggrandizing his own family at the expense of the church treasury, and in defiance of all principle and example. According to Macchiavelli, he was the pope who was to show the world how many matters, hitherto judged as wrong, could be committed under the ægis of papal authority. His predecessor had been a miser, and was known to have left the coffers of the Holy See well plenished. Nevertheless Sixtus averred that there was no money in the coffers. He had sprung from a fisherman's family called Rovere, and it was thanks to Galeazzo that he had been chosen as one of the cardinals to whose papal election the duke would oppose no veto. Hardly was he pope than the papal court was crowded with Rovere, collected there in order to bask under the shadow of this oak-tree<sup>1</sup> whose golden acorns fell into their lap. He had several real or supposed nephews, one of whom afterwards became the famous Pope Julius II. Two other nephews, the reputed sons of a sister married to a cobbler called Riarlo, soon after the pope's accession began to display so much luxury and wealthy profusion that it was felt certain this could only be maintained at the expense of the treasures of the Church. Cardinal Pietro Riarlo even went so far as to shock the court of Rome—not easily scandalized—by his vices and frantic expenditure. An-

<sup>1</sup> The Rovere crest was an oak.

other, Girolamo Riario, was so all-powerful that he was nicknamed the arch-pope. Galeazzo Sforza, in his capacity of Duke of Milan, had undertaken to arrange a marriage for this Girolamo, which marriage, owing to the bridegroom's behavior, came to nothing. The duke, fearing the pope's displeasure, offered to give instead his own daughter Caterina, then ten years old. The offer was accepted, and the beautiful child became the betrothed bride of this dissolute relative of the Church. "No scruple, no consideration, no respect, no pity, was evinced for Caterina in all this," says Pasolini. "She was but the docile instrument of the paternal policy." The betrothal took place with the usual ceremonies of ring and kiss, and in September of the same year (1473) the magnificent young cardinal, Pietro Riario, paid a visit to Milan. On this occasion the marriage contract between his brother and the young Caterina was signed, while Galeazzo on his part signed an instrument by virtue of which the city of Imola, of which the dukes of Milan had obtained possession, was to become the property of the Church, to be held in vassalage thereunto. Thus arose the pretensions of the Borgias, which were to prove so fatal to Caterina in later years. From Milan Cardinal Pietro went to Venice, where his doings were "the cause of wonder and scandal." Soon after his return to Rome he died, to the great grief of the pope. His death placed Girolamo Riario at the very summit of greatness. He inherited his brother's wealth and all his influence over Sixtus.

It was soon after this that occurred the tragic event whose memory dominated Caterina's entire life. There lived at the Court of Milan a certain professor, Cola Montana. He was one of those beings who, lacking all practical sense, nevertheless presume to revolutionize the world without any understanding of logical sequence and the irresistible necessity of facts. Nowadays we should perhaps call him a revolutionary nihilist. He had been publicly chastised for a satire he pub-

lished on the duke, ill-advised certainly, even if perhaps but too well deserved, for Galeazzo had become after his manifold successes a very monster of violence and tyranny. Cola Montana, who had many pupils, instilled into them the most inflammatory doctrines. For him Catiline was the first of heroes, and the slaying of a tyrant the noblest of actions. Among his pupils there were three to whom these doctrines especially commended themselves. One was Carlo Visconti, of the family that had been dispossessed by the Sforza; another was Andrea Lampugnani, who had been condemned to death by Francesco Sforza, and pardoned by Galeazzo; and yet another was Girolamo Olgiati. This last was a weak-minded, romantic creature, whose head had been turned by dreaming over the examples of classical heroism, and who was probably of much the same temperament as Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln. These three personages concocted a conspiracy against the life of Galeazzo. They resolved to murder him during some public festival. They knew that it was not safe to attack him in his castle, nor while hunting or banqueting. What place so appropriate as a church? So the plan was resolved on, and the three invoked St. Stephen to bless the success of their undertaking, which they had resolved should take place in his church. A detailed account of Galeazzo's murder was given by a servant of the duchess, an eye-witness. He tells how it was always the habit of the Sforzas to spend Christmas with their family. At Christmas time, 1476, Galeazzo was fighting for Filibert of Savoy against Charles the Bold. He had been warned at Rome by astrologers that danger threatened him. A comet had been seen, three ravens ominously flew over his head, nevertheless he kept on his journey towards Milan. But his attendants noticed that he seemed in "a black humor," and entered the city gates without a word of welcome to his dependents. He further commanded that mass should be said in mourning vestments in place of those gay ones

proper to the festal day, and he would only listen to lugubrious chants. The day after Christmas, St. Stephen's Day, Duchess Bona dreamed a bad dream. She begged her spouse not to visit St. Stephen's Church, but to hear mass elsewhere. However, it was found that the court chaplain had already gone, so Galeazzo set out on foot from the castle to follow him and attend to his devotions. Before he went he sent for his children, and it seemed as though he could not kiss them enough. The streets were slippery with ice and snow, so that he repented of his resolve to walk, and decided to proceed on horseback. His body-servant, who had taken a short cut, reached the church before him. He noticed that Lampugnani, Visconti, and Olgiate were all standing by the door together, and could not imagine why. He was soon to know. Galeazzo Maria Sforza, at the time a handsome man of thirty-two, came riding up, dismounted from his steed, and entered the church just as the choir was singing "*Sic transit gloria mundi*." Lampugnani pressed forward calling out, "Make way! make way!" Arrived in front of the duke, he bent his knee as if to present a petition, and in doing so he stabbed him in the stomach with a dagger he had hidden in his sleeve. Instantly the two other conspirators rushed upon their prey, who had called out just once "Oh, our Lady!" and then spoke no more. Lampugnani was instantly seized by the duke's Moorish groom and slain on the spot. A terrible fight ensued in the church. The women, who had come in full dress to this festal service, were robbed of their jewels. At last the duke's guard succeeded in driving out the crowd, when three corpses were found on the pavement,—that of the duke, of his groom, and of Lampugnani. The duke's body was carefully tended, and laid out in the sacristy. A troop of roughs entered the building, seized the body of Lampugnani, tied a cord to its leg, and dragged it through the streets. When Bona of Savoy heard the dread news, like a true daughter of her house, ever

noted for its civil courage, she did not lose her head. She sent the ducal ornaments and a pall of cloth-of-gold, which her husband had given her "in case of his sudden death," to the church, whence the duke's body was carried and buried that same night in the cathedral. The Milanese, meanwhile, instead of rising in favor of the conspirators, were furious at the murder of the duke. The hired assassins who had assisted the murderers were all killed on the spot, Visconti and Olgiate were tortured and executed. Olgiate confessed the whole story, whose details, full of interest, are given *in extenso* in the pages of Pasolini. This unhappy youth consoled himself for his torments by writing Latin verses, and by anticipating for himself "deathless fame" as the reward of his exploit. He said that had he had ten lives, he would have given them all in such a cause. Cola Montana, the original instigator was, after many vicissitudes, taken and hung.

When Pope Sixtus IV. heard of the foul end of Galeazzo, he exclaimed, "The peace of Italy is dead!" In very truth this event was the signal for the outbreak of new wars, internal feuds, and foreign invasions. Bona, the fervent Catholic, deeply distressed that her husband should have died unconfessed and unabsolved, obtained from the pope his posthumous absolution, and in return for this favor she paid out a very heavy sum of money to be spent for pious and charitable purposes. At the time of this tragedy Caterina Sforza was fourteen. She mourned her father sincerely, and she also trembled for her own fate. But the pope and his nephew, thinking, perchance, that there was a prospect of securing the Duchy of Milan by means of this marriage with Caterina, showed themselves quite willing to fulfil their part of the contract. The ceremony was performed by proxy, without pomp, owing to the duke's recent death. On April 24, 1477, Caterina Riarlo Sforza left Milan for her husband's house. From Parma she wrote an affectionate letter to the Duchess Bona, in which she commends

herself to her good mother's prayers, and a yet longer one from Imola to her sister, in which she gives an account of her solemn reception there as the wife of the city's lord. She writes that she was greeted with "verses and representations, after the Florentine fashion." She commends her servants, and especially her nurse, in the kindest manner to the duchess's good care, and she expresses herself as unhappy beyond words at her absence from home. On the 13th of May Caterina set out from Imola for Rome. She and her whole suite accomplished the journey on horseback. In all the towns in which they halted she was received with regal honors. On the 24th she was met by the Bishop of Parma, the representative of the Duchy of Milan at Rome. The next morning she was met, seven miles from the city, by her husband. On meeting they both dismounted and exchanged kisses. Then they rode together to Ponte Molle, where curious crowds came out to meet them. They halted that night at Ponte Mario, and next day the pope in person remarried his nephew, with all the pomp of the Church, to the girl-bride whom the pope styled his *nipote santissima*. The mass sung on this occasion lasted three hours, the banquet no less than five. The wedding presents were estimated at a value of fourteen thousand ducats. The bridegroom's gift, a pearl necklace, was in itself worth alone five thousand ducats.

Caterina was at the time accounted the most beautiful woman in all Europe, and as clever as she was handsome. Her worldly position was splendid, and until the death of Sixtus IV. her outer life consisted of one long series of fêtes and pleasures. But the surroundings were not sympathetic to the young girl. Moreover, her husband was a weak, cowardly being, absolutely unfitted to be the companion of a fearless daughter of the Sforzas. Further, he was treacherous and wicked, and not a man to inspire her with respect or love. In 1479 there were great rejoicings in the Riario palace over the birth of Caterina's eldest son who was baptized

Ottaviano (she had already borne her husband a daughter). His godfather was Rodrigo Borgia, the Spanish cardinal, who became the infamous Alexander VI., Caterina's most cruel enemy in years to come. In August, 1480, Girolamo Riario was made lord of Forlì displacing the family of Ordelaffi, who had hitherto reigned there—an event which proved to be the letting out of troubled waters in later years. In 1481 Caterina accompanied her husband in a solemn progress through the Romagna, on which occasion they also visited Venice. The young wife delighted every one by her beauty, the splendor of her apparel, her affability, modesty, and intelligence. She moved fearlessly and unaccompanied among the people, whose goodwill she speedily won; while her husband, who had been connected discredibly with the Pazzi conspiracy, shut himself up in the Forlì citadel, timid and afraid. In order to win the good graces of his new subjects, however, Girolamo played the liberal. Thus certain taxes were abolished, with after-consequences of a grave character. At Venice the Riaris were received with immense splendor, nevertheless they did not accomplish the political objects of their mission. More than one conspiracy was unmasked, and groups of victims dangled by the neck from the battlements. Lorenzino de' Medici is suspected of having had a hand in these plots. After some months spent in skirmishes, plots, and counter-plots, schemes and discussions the Riario couple returned to Rome. How active an interest Caterina already took in the political events of her day is proved by a letter written by her to the Signoria of Genoa, in which she announces the news of the victory of Campo Morto, just brought her from the camp by special envoy. Indeed the years spent by Caterina at Riario's side formed her political education. When she was called upon, after his death, to fend for herself, we find her a complete mistress of the art of statesmanship—astute, cautious, intrepid, far-sighted, of male daring, veiled at times, for her own pur-



poses, with a feint of female shyness and timidity. It was not for nothing that Caterina boasted herself the true descendant of Galeazzo Maria, and that she bore his brain under her female head of hair.

Meanwhile, as time went on, Girolamo grew yet more treacherous and cruel. A dramatic story is told of an other nephew of the pope's, Antonio Bassi, who, when dying of fever, sent for Girolamo and spoke his mind to him once for all, accusing his cousin of such a list of crimes that those present left the room lest they might be compromised by hearing more. Caterina, meanwhile, was negotiating on her own account with her relatives at Milan, and with Lorenzino de' Medici at Florence, willing, and able too, to make friends and alliances apart from her husband. At the same time she attended to her already numerous family of children and to her household, and found, besides, the time for serious reading.

Meantime Sixtus, the pope "without religion or conscience," as a contemporary called him, was dying. Some ill-success in arms had distressed him so greatly as to induce fever, which was followed by gout; and when he at last learned of the peace of Bagnolo, which left him and his nephew with empty hands, he was broken down and gave up the ghost. His corpse was carried with scant ceremony into St. Peter's Church, and watched all night only by one Franciscan friar. Girolamo Riario was in camp at the time. By this death, from virtual ruler of Rome he sank to be simply a captain in the service of the States of the Church, bound to obey the orders of the College of Cardinals, who bade him desist from besieging the stronghold of the Colonnas and return to protect Rome, thrown into confusion by the pope's demise. Girolamo obeyed. But Caterina had her own views on the crisis. When the pope's death occurred she was with her husband at Paliano, and when he received the order to proceed to Ponte Molle she rode back to Rome, and, boldly entering Castel Sant' Angelo, announced her intention

of remaining there, in command of the castle as her husband's deputy, until the election of the new pope should be over. Full well did this clever woman know that whoever was master of the Castle of St. Angelo was also master of Rome. By her own authority she deposed the governor of the citadel, and announced to the College of Cardinals, without much ceremony or great circumlocution of speech, that she should defend the castle if need be by force of arms, and should deliver it up only to the new pontiff. This, she declared, was the will of Sixtus. When an envoy from the Cardinals came to harass her she said, "Oh, I see he wishes to try which is the cleverest of us both. It seems he does not know that I carry the brain of Duke Galeazzo and am as headstrong as he was." The Cardinals saw that they must reckon with this energetic woman. Many of them refused to attend the concave until "that female" should have evacuated the castle, declaring they would not defile past her. Caterina refused to budge. The Cardinals then resorted to Girolamo. They promised him, if he would induce his wife to evacuate the fortress and return to Romagna, that he should have eight thousand ducats, the arrears of pay due to him for his soldiers from Sixtus, as well as compensation for his palace, which had been sacked by the mob. Girolamo was tempted by this bait and yielded, and in order to expedite matters the Cardinals themselves advanced the necessary moneys for the promised sum. But Girolamo had reckoned without his wife. Caterina still would not budge. He had made the compact, but she did not consider herself bound to abide by it. She reprovisioned the castle and brought in some one hundred and fifty foot-soldiers. When the Cardinals learnt this, they were beside themselves with anger. They threatened not to keep to the rest of the bargain, and sent her a deputation of eight Cardinals, among whom was her uncle, Ascanio Sforza. Out of consideration for her blood-relation she let down the drawbridge, and from that moment she was forced



to yield. The prelates were unanimous in insisting on her departure. On August 25th Caterina stepped on the drawbridge, looking pale and wan, and no wonder. She was surrounded by her family—for she had had all her children with her, her servants, and her men-at-arms. On September 4th she entered Forlì together with her husband, and on the 7th the Riario received from the new pope, Innocent VIII., the reconfirmation of their rights over Imola and Forlì, with the stipulation, however, that the couple must henceforth abide in the Romagna, and avoid Rome.

Meantime all Rome was rejoicing that the iniquitous Girolamo had been forced to leave a city which had been the theatre of his crimes. Pope Innocent VIII. and Cardinal della Rovere, afterwards Julius II., were now the real rulers of Rome.

But bad times were in store for the Riario couple. Even while Sixtus was living, and Girolamo could draw without limit on the papal coffers and the papal authority, he had found it difficult to hold the Romagna, always even to this day a turbulent province. He found the towns divided among themselves, at feud with one another, and surrounded by envious foes, who only waited their opportunity to bear down on them. The inhabitants were even poorer than when Girolamo, in the first flush of possession, had remitted their taxes. Discontent stalked abroad, danger lurked in the air; and, to aggravate matters, there was famine in the land. In vain did Girolamo dispense coins, lower the tax on wheat, and spend money on buildings. His enemies could always find support from Lorenzo de' Medici, who had allied himself to the new pope by giving a daughter in marriage to one of the pope's sons. Hence the need for always keeping a large army. After a year Girolamo's coffers were exhausted. The taxes had to be reimposed. At this the famished, impoverished people naturally revolted, and, but for Caterina's pluck and her ascendancy over them, a general massacre might have occurred. Meanwhile the cowardly Girolamo took

fear and quitted Forlì for Imola, which he deemed more loyal, leaving a substitute who was charged to oppress the people in every way. Caterina happened to be absent at the time, enlisting the support of her powerful relatives at Milan. On reaching Imola she found Girolamo very ill. "What will become of Forlì if my husband dies?" she asked herself for she distrusted the man who held the citadel in their name. They owed him money, too, which made matters worse. Should Girolamo die he might easily make himself master of the city, and oust Caterina's son. She resolved on stratagem. Mounting her horse, she rode in one night over to Forlì, appeared before the fortress, and summoned the governor to admit her in the name of her husband and deliver up the keys. This he refused to do. He called down to his mistress that he had heard his master was dead; he would not deliver up the castle until he was paid, nor should he perchance do so even then. Now Caterina knew how matters stood. She rode back again to Imola, but not before she had concocted a little trap for this unruly servant, into which he fell, and which resulted in his murder in a drunken brawl. His murderer took possession of the fortress, drew up the drawbridge, and intrenched himself. When a breathless rider brought the news to Imola, Caterina, although she was near her confinement, at once mounted her horse and galloped as hard as its feet would go to Forlì, and appeared at the foot of the castle ere ever its inmates could have deemed it possible. She commanded the new governor, who was an old acquaintance,—no less than the governor of the Castle of St. Angelo, whom she had deposed,—to deliver up the stronghold. After a long debate he yielded at last to Caterina's imperiousness, and the following day Caterina, attended by only one female servant, took possession, rode back to Imola, then rode back again to Forlì, bringing with her as new governor Tommaso Feo of Savona, one of her trusty servants, whom she installed, and announcing to the astonished popu-

lation that there was a governor in the castle now after her own heart, remounted her horse, never halting for ten hours till she reached Imola, to give birth, after a few days, to her son Francesco Sforza. Nor was this all. Not many days had passed since this confinement before the trusty new governor announced to his mistress that a conspiracy, instigated by the Ordolaffi, had been discovered. Instantly this brave woman arose from her sick-bed, remounted her steed, and flew to Forlì. The six chief conspirators were beheaded by her orders, and their heads gibbeted on the city gate, and the rest punished according to their deserts.

Now since the real lord of Forlì was never seen, and no one but his wife was permitted to enter his sick-room, the news very naturally spread that he was dead, and that Caterina was concealing the fact in order to ensure dominion to herself. That this was not so, however, was soon to be seen. One day in November, though still weak and ailing, Girolamo rode to Forlì to see how matters stood with his own eyes. It was but a poor lookout. The winter proved hard; the burghers had lost respect for their master; he could not pay his way, and angry rumors were heard on all sides whenever he showed himself. Even Caterina's presence could no longer stem the rising tide of discontent. Prime leaders of the turbulent faction were the powerful family of Orsì, and it was they who resolved on the murder of Girolamo. The deed was done with great audacity. On April 14, 1488, Checco d'Orsì, captain of the watch, with two hirelings, walked unannounced into the apartment where the duke was at supper. The meal was just over, and Girolamo was talking with his guests. When he saw Checco enter he stretched out his hand to him and asked what he desired at this unwonted hour. Checco muttered some words of reply, rushed on the unwitting and unarmed man and stabbed him to the heart. With a cry of "Ah, traitor!" Girolamo sank down, and in a few minutes he was dead.

The duke's people, unarmed as they were, at once ran to Caterina's apartments to bring her the dread news. Not for one moment did she lose her head. Without armed protection, having with her only her mother, her sister, her children, and two wet-nurses, she at once commanded that her doors be barricaded with every available heavy object. It was in vain. An angry mob had already invaded the castle, a bloody tussle ensued under Caterina's windows in the courtyard, and in the end she had to yield herself up to her husband's assassins. She was led a prisoner to the palace of the Orsì. But such was the majesty of her presence and the respect she inspired, that, as she marched through the drunken and infuriated mob, not a person dared to insult by act or speech the handsome woman who but a few hours before had been their ruler. When a man tried to be rude to her sister, she boxed his ears in such fashion that he staggered.

The Orsì were not long to remain masters of the situation, however. The news of Forlì's revolt reached Rome and Milan, and the former hastened to reclaim the fief for the States of the Church, while the latter reminded Caterina's enemies that they would have to reckon with the strong house of Sforza did they touch a hair of her head. And as soon as the papal envoy arrived he treated Caterina with all respect, withdrew her from the house of the Orsì, where she was treated with scant kindness, and placed a guard of honor before her dwelling to protect her life and position. In return it was demanded, however, that she should command the governors of the various fortresses to render up their keys to the papal authorities; and though it was politely asked, Caterina knew she must obey, for might was against her, and she was still to all intents and purposes a prisoner. Surrounded by her husband's murderers, Caterina appeared before each of the citadels and bade their commanders resign their office into her hands. They respectively appeared on the battlements and cried down they could not obey. "In that

case they will murder me," shouted back the dauntless woman, and indeed a soldier already pointed a gun at her breast. "Let them beware of the wrath of the Duke of Milan an' they do," cried back the fearless Feo. Caterina pleaded in vain, and had to retreat discomfited.

When the papal envoy, Monsignore Savelli, saw that these attempts were futile, he sought to gain his ends by force. But the citadels were well stocked with arms and provisions, and were able to sustain a long siege. Meantime Caterina had found means of communicating with her trusty Tommaso Feo. She persuaded him to send a messenger to Monsignore, telling him he could not give up the citadel—it would be a breach of trust; but if Caterina was admitted, and he was convinced that she demanded this concession of her own free will and not because pressure was brought to bear on her by her enemies, he would evacuate. Savelli was willing to consent, but the Orsi suspected in this reply a wile of the clever Caterina. Once more they dragged her before the fortress walls. Caterina implored Tommaso amid tears and sobs to deliver up the citadel. The governor remained firm in his negative attitude. Conversation was naturally difficult between a governor on the battlements and a person outside the moat and drawbridge; so Caterina cried, "If they would only let me go into the castle, I know I could explain everything to you." "In that case," replied Feo, "I hardly know what I should do, but certainly it would be easier to negotiate. I have already proposed this, but with the condition that you come alone." The peace-loving Savelli was taken in; and remembering that he held Caterina's children as hostages, he consented that the duchess should enter the castle for three hours in order to arrange details with Feo. The drawbridge was lowered, and Caterina sprang upon it with one bound. Scarcely was she across than she made a gesture to those at the other side which still betokens the highest point of insult and derision to Italian eyes.

The three hours over, when Orsi demanded her exit, Feo's son replied that only if the two foremost burghers of Forlì were given as hostages would his mistress return. Maddened by this betrayal, the besiegers rode off to seek aid. Caterina meantime had sunk into a dead sleep, and was reposing placidly after the excitement and fatigue of the last days.

But Savelli and the Orsi were not so easily daunted and befooled. They had only gone to fetch Caterina's children and relatives. Her sister Stella, her boy Ottaviano, were bade to plead with her, reminding her that their own lives were at stake did she remain obdurate. Feo did not even trouble to wake his mistress. When the cries from without after awhile became too strident, Caterina awoke and, undressed as she was, rushed to the tower to see what it all meant. When she convinced herself that there was no danger she withdrew without a word. Her quick intelligence had told her that since her children had not been massacred in the first fury of her enemies, they were safe, and that it was clear the Orsi dared not brave the wrath of the formidable Ludovico il Moro. So, to prove that she was the mistress of the citadel, she caused shots to be fired at the town at intervals, night and day, directing them particularly at the Communal Palace.

And truly Caterina was soon to be the actual mistress of the situation. Shortly after her clever manœuvre heralds arrived from the Bentivoglio of Bologna and the Sforza of Milan demanding to see Riario's children, and announcing that the Milanese troops were within a day's march. Meanwhile Orsi and Savelli maintained their defiant attitude, saying the children whom they had imprisoned were dead, and that they could and would resist. But when a powerful army of some twelve thousand men really stood at the city gates, they recognized that their game was lost. As a last revenge they tried to penetrate to the children and murder them, but their faithful guards beat back the attack. There remained nothing but flight for

the Orsi. At dead of night they stole away, seventeen in number, leaving behind them their old father and womenfolk. And that same night the counter-revolution was accomplished, and the people patrolled the streets of Forlì shouting "Ottaviano! Ottaviano!" The only dread that now weighed on the inhabitants was the fear of the soldiers of the Duke of Milan, to whom it had been promised, if Caterina consented, that they should sack the city. But Caterina refused to allow this, to the fierce indignation of the troops. This she did for the sake of the women, for whom she had a consideration wholly in advance of her time. When the magnates of the city came to the castle to tender their homage and excuses to Caterina she received them graciously, clad in mourning weeds. But when, a few hours later, her young son, Ottaviano, now lord of Forlì, was led into her presence and fell weeping into his mother's arms, he found her clad in all her royal splendor, magnificent in her beauty and her radiant attitude of triumph.

And in triumph she re-entered Forlì, surrounded by the lords of Mantua, Bologna, Bergamo, Milan, and others, and triumphantly she resumed the reins of government; for though Ottaviano was nominally the lord, in reality it was his mother who reigned. Her first steps were directed to the church of the city's patron saint, Mercuriale. It happened to be his feast-day. After hearing mass and thanking heaven for its protection, Caterina at once occupied herself with worldly affairs. To begin with, she sought to punish the rebels and the murderers of her husband. She demanded and received the value of what had been stolen from their palace; she banished, executed, tortured in the most relentless mode, all who had been directly or indirectly concerned in the uprising. Orsi's old father was killed in the most abominable fashion, after he had been morally and physically tortured. There was no end to the bloodshed, the reprisals, the revenge. So terrible was Caterina's vengeance that it overshot its

mark, and made her fresh enemies among her subjects. Even the most pessimist of moderns, reading these accounts, must admit that a change for the better has taken place in human progress.

Alas for heroic Caterina! She might build and endow as many churches as she would to prove her pious spirit, she might remit taxes, she might enjoy the protection of pope and duke, nevertheless her edifice was but reared on sand. Notwithstanding, this doughty woman managed for yet another twelve years to uphold her authority, and only ceded to brute force. Perhaps she would not even have ceded to that, had she not ceded before to a yet stronger force, though apparently more gentle. It was the little god of love with his bow and dart who was to cause the mischief.

At the time of her widowhood Caterina was but twenty-five years old—handsome, respected, admired, feared. No wonder that she was soon surrounded with aspirants to her affection—affection that she had hitherto never bestowed; for though she could not possibly have loved the cowardly, cruel Girolamo, she made him a faithful wife. Even though he had of late left all the cares and responsibilities of government in her hands, yet he was an apparent support to her nevertheless; she could shield herself in face of her foes under his fictitious will. Now she was all alone, and a widow. On the other hand, Caterina, however much she might long, with her fiery Romagnolo blood, to love and be loved, never lost her keen insight. She knew that should she marry she would lose the guardianship over her children, and would no longer reign as their proxy,—would have to resign them into the hands of guardians, who would more than probably oust them from their possessions; and this, for their sake, whom she tenderly loved, and for her own, she could not contemplate. But many conflicts must have waged their angry fights in that woman's proud breast. Girolamo had not been long dead ere rumor said that his widow was about

to wed the handsome young Ordelaffi of Forlì. And her behavior to him certainly gave color to this report. When she heard it, however, she was furious, and punished with imprisonment and banishment those who had dared to spread or report it—punished them so severely, so out of all proportion to the crime, that forever after no one dared to open their mouths concerning her love affairs; and even when she openly flaunted them, they acted the part of the emperor's new clothes. Many moderns could wish they could put down idle and cankerous cackle concerning their private affairs with an equally drastic hand. For the report, like too many such reports, had done her real harm. The governors of her citadels, who, after all, had sworn allegiance to Ottaviano, not to her, grew restless, and seemed inclined to dispute her authority. Even Tommaso Feo grew suspicious and disobedient. To conciliate him she married him to her step-sister Bianca. Even this did not suffice. Then she feigned love for him herself, and tricked him out of the castle by her seductive ways. Scarcely had he fallen into the trap than she took him prisoner in another sense from what he expected, and elevated his younger brother Giacomo in his stead. It was on Giacomo that she had really set her eyes. As he appears in the Forlì fresco, he was certainly just the kind of man to catch the fancy of an amazon like Caterina—a ruddy-cheeked; curly-haired giant. Thus this young man, barely twenty, found himself in a moment governor of the two chief forts of the domain, commander-in-chief of the troops, as well as Caterina's proxy and lover. He was the Ruy Blas of his age. "Fortune carried this man at one and the same time into the heaven of Venus and of Mars," says a contemporary chronicler. After a time she secretly married him, but woe to her subject who would have dared to state the fact!

After this event, and after she had given over to trusty dependents the other important outposts of her domain, Caterina felt more at ease. Yet it was

not long ere she became the slave of the young tyrant she had chosen for herself. Giacomo, like all upstarts, lost his head at the splendor of the position into which he had so suddenly been elevated. He treated the ancient families of Forlì with haughty disdain; he even treated the real lord of Forlì, Ottaviano, with such arrogance that the boy detested him and vowed revenge for these insults. And since every one deemed him Caterina's lover and not her husband, his insolent attitude was held the more unpardonable.

While these things were happening in Forlì, on the larger stage of Italian affairs there were new difficulties and dangers to meet. Innocent VIII. was dead, and Alexander Borgia reigned in his place. He had been Ottaviano's godfather, and promised Caterina that he would care for her boy as Sixtus had cared for her. He even offered him his daughter, the notorious Lucrezia Borgia, to wife; but this Caterina refused, much to the pope's displeasure. Lorenzo de' Medici too was dead, and with his disappearance from politics these were thrown into yet greater confusion; for no doubt, with all his faults, he had known how to steer the ship of State. His death threw the peninsula into two hostile camps, both of whom sought to win over the alliance of Caterina, whose army they knew to be well organized, and whose little State was important as lying on the highroad from Upper to Lower Italy. Caterina, like the wise helmswoman she was, tacked her course, waiting to see which party would offer her most advantages; but when Charles VIII. of France came into Italy as the ally of the pope, Caterina, after some dubious attempts at a neutral attitude, put herself on the side of the French. When the latter did not maintain their compacts, and plundered and sacked friendly cities, Caterina boldly entered their camp, and saved her city from the claws of the hungered and booty-craving Gallic troops. Then, later, when events took yet another turn, Caterina, without a moment's hesitation, made a *volte face*



and tacked cleverly between the contending parties.

Could she but have tacked as cleverly in her own family, where matters were going from bad to worse! Ottaviano, who was now sixteen, and who chafed under the arrogant bearing of Feo, whom he regarded as merely his servant, was confirmed and strengthened in his aggressive attitude by Feo's enemies—and they were many, provoked by his insolent bearing. Though by nature weak and timid, there were limits beyond which Ottaviano could not endure; and when on one occasion the lad contradicted him, the *parvenu* gave his young lord a sounding box on the ear. This was too much for even the lackeys. One of these put himself in accord with certain noblemen of Forlì to plot the murder of Giacomo Feo. In those days it was easy to find *bravi* to execute these little jobs; indeed their race is not quite extinct in modern Italy. One August evening (1495) Caterina, her daughter Bianca, her court ladies, her sons Ottaviano and Cesare, and a large following of retainers, returned to the city from a hunting excursion. Caterina drove, the rest were on horseback. The day's sport had been good, the booty was large, the party merry, and, singing and laughing, they pursued their way through the crooked streets. A halt was made by a bridge. When all had passed except Feo, an accomplice stopped him to ask a trivial question, and at that signal the murderers fell upon him, killed and mutilated him, and then threw him into the moat. Caterina, when she heard his first cry, left her carriage, and seizing the first horse that came to hand, sprang upon it and galloped to the citadel. Her guilty sons sought shelter in a friendly house. Only two of all the suite turned upon the murderers, who coolly replied that they had but executed the orders of Caterina and her sons. Caterina, when she heard this, was beside herself. Indeed both her fury and her grief were great, for she had loved Feo devotedly. Her vengeance on his murderers was terrible. Never in all her

life had she been so cruel, so merciless. On this occasion she spared neither women nor children; it seemed as though she would extirpate the whole clan of her foes. Indeed so great was her cruelty that, iron woman though she was, relentless and with no trace of mawkishness in her composition, yet nevertheless remorse for her actions at this time is said to have embittered all her later life. As for the real instigator of the murder, Ottaviano, she shut him up in solitary confinement, and it wanted little but he would have died under her hands.

Happily her attention was necessarily distracted by politics. Madonna di Forlì was a great personage, respected and feared in the political world. Her soldiers, whom she trained herself, were the most skilful in central Italy. Her alliance was worth winning. The Medici, being reinstated in the government of Florence, whence Savonarola had evicted them, sought to win her over to their side and that of the French. To this end they sent her an envoy in the shape of Giovanni de' Medici. They could have made no wiser move. Giovanni was clever, but what was more, Giovanni was the handsomest man of his day. He had not long been at Forlì ere rumor said he was Caterina's lover. Of course she denied it,—denied it even after she had borne him a son, even after he and all his suite openly lived in her castle. At last, however, she had to admit the fact to her relations and her son, who sanctioned the marriage, but comprehended the need for continued secrecy, lest Caterina should lose the guardianship of her first children. The danger of this was great, and to stem it Caterina and all her progeny present and to come were created Florentine citizens; and this act legitimized the first-born of her connection with Giovanni, he who afterwards became the famous *condottiere*, Giovanni delle Bande Nere, called "the first colonel of a regiment," and who was unquestionably the father of modern military discipline. On another occasion there was sent to Caterina as Florentine envoy no less a personage



than Niccolo Macchiavelli. He found, it seems, her diplomatic talents a match for his own, for in his letters to the signoria he tells, among other things, how on certain days Madonna was not visible because "the baby was ill."

The union with Giovanni was not to be of long duration. To aid the Florentines, sore pressed by Pisa, Caterina sent her husband and son with a picked army to join her allies. While in camp Giovanni was taken seriously ill. Caterina hastened to his side, and he died in her arms. She was inconsolable; and indeed she had lost much in him, and from this time forward her star was on the wane. It is characteristic of the times that after his death Caterina made her marriage publicly known.

Alexander VI. was, if possible, even more ambitious for his family than Sixtus IV. It was his desire to found a kingdom for his favorite son, Cæsar Borgia, and to this end he wished to stir up dissatisfactions in Italy, to oust the Sforzas from Milan, Caterina from the Romagna, and pass the whole under one head. A pretext for dissension was soon found in those days, and after a while the Venetians and the Borgias, in alliance with the French, grew menacing for Caterina's little realm. At first she clung to her old alliance with Florence, but soon found that this was a broken reed. In those days her life was that of the camp. She herself led her troops to battle; and it was due solely to her personal watchfulness and military stratagem that Forlì was not taken by a military ruse. Clad in a full suite of chain-armor, she rode with her captains. To this day there is shown at the Museum of Bologna a suit of armor believed to be hers. It is said that she kept her accounts when in camp with the greatest accuracy, and that her soldiers were always well paid and well fed. And she had need of them, left thus alone to defy single-handed the power of the allied forces of Cæsar Borgia and the king of France, who were devastating Italy. On every side treachery surrounded the dauntless

woman, and many a statesman would have given in in despair under such circumstances, nor would any have blamed him. But Caterina was not made of stuff that could so easily be daunted. Notwithstanding the heavy odds against her, notwithstanding that the plague raged in her little kingdom, and that her youngest and dearly-loved boy lay sick unto death, she prepared her men-at-arms and her fortress for resistance, and at the same time, by measures as swift and effectual as any that could be used at the present day, she checked the progress of the plague before it had taken too vast proportions. The strong places were provisioned and ammunitioned for a siege, the advance of the enemy was rendered difficult by artificial inundations. Daily Caterina passed her army in review; she attended to everything herself, great or small. A ride across the Apennines to Florence convinced her that she could hope for no help thence—the Florentines were themselves in an ugly difficulty with Pope Borgia; but as she still deemed them her best friends, she sent all her children except her eldest sons, all her jewels and valuables, to a country house of her late husband's, close by the Arno city, for safe keeping.

Then, absolutely alone and unsupported, this heroic woman intrenched herself in her citadel and awaited the approach of Cæsar Borgia and his hordes, resolved to uphold, while breath and strength were in her, the noble *condottiere* traditions of the great Sforza name, to which her uncle of Milan had proved untrue. Nearer and nearer drew the Borgia troops. Their first point of attack was Imola, which, though it was strongly walled and defended, they were able to take at once owing to treachery. Their next march was on to Forlì, where Caterina herself held the stronghold. Up to the last moment of the foe's approach she had contrived to fortify her position, sparing nothing—no garden, however dear to her, no house that might prove of value as a point of vantage. Still she did not wholly trust her citizens, though

they had sworn they would stand by her to the bitter end. They knew, too, as well as she the reputation borne by Cæsar's soldiers—verily no good one—and what awaited their city did it fall into his clutches. Still, when the critical moment approached, Caterina, who expected no deeds of heroism from her subjects, deemed it well to ask the city magnates what it was they meant to do; they had better tell her candidly. A candid and direct answer it is always difficult to get from an Italian. They sent vacillating and ambiguous replies. Caterina should consider well ere acting; was it not perhaps better to yield to superior force? there might be a change of popes, and then she and her family would be reinstated; all the cardinals had not voted in favor of Cæsar,—and suchlike empty phrases. Then Caterina spoke up. "Oh, chicken-livered, do you not comprehend that a ruined State is still better than none? Do what you please with your city, but with regard to the citadel I will show the Borgias that a woman is also capable of shooting cannons." After this defiant speech the city fathers held council, with the result that they resolved to abandon any attempts at resistance. Caterina received their messengers graciously, bade them a courteous farewell, and then, as soon as they had re-entered the city gates, let her cannons play over them a little as a sign that she was resolved to resist to the uttermost. And indeed her army and stores were large, and Caterina's courage, which she diffused to all about her, seemed inexhaustible as well.

On December 19, 1499, amid streaming rain, Cæsar Borgia, mounted on a white horse, rode into Forlì at the head of his four thousand men. The standard of the Church was borne before him; beside him rode Frenchmen of high standing and honor. Scarcely, however, were the men disbanded than their wild work of rapine, plunder, and loot began, and was pursued with the more vigor because, owing to the heavy rain, the men sought shelter in the houses. Cæsar, who did not wish to make a bad impression on his new

citizens, tried to stem their excesses in a measure, but it was quite in vain. They were beyond his control, or rather they were acting as he had ever allowed them to do. Meantime Caterina held the fortress, and Cæsar could not even begin his attack, for his battering ammunition had not yet arrived. On Christmas day Caterina displayed a flag bearing a lion on its field. This was a ruse on her part, and it succeeded; for the sight of this lion spread terror among her enemies, who held it for the standard of St. Mark, and deemed that Caterina had that powerful republic behind her. To further enforce this idea, Caterina sent continual volleys of cannon into her late city. Cæsar began to think discretion the better part of valor, and resolved to attempt a friendly solution of the problem. He humiliated himself so far as to ride out one evening to the fortress, attended only by a trumpeter, and asked for a personal colloquy with the countess. Caterina instantly appeared on the battlements above the drawbridge. Cæsar lifted his helmet respectfully and addressed her. What the two foes said to one another the contemporary chroniclers do not know, while later historians give the conversation in great detail. After a time Caterina bowed politely and withdrew, while Cæsar turned his horse about and rode off. His mission cannot have seemed entirely hopeless to him, for next day he again rode out to the castle and offered to give Caterina his three French captains as hostages of his word. But this offer too Caterina refused. She did not trust the word of a Cæsar Borgia, and no wonder. Consequently no solution but war to the knife was possible. On December 28, 1499, he opened his attack on the citadel, and Caterina answered bravely. This went on for some days. Caterina herself inhabited the topmost tower of the citadel, whence she could survey the whole neighboring country and the movements of her foes. Thence she saw the sun set on the century, a *fin de siècle* not effete and exhausted like our own, but fierce and bloody, like a wounded beast at bay. The situation

was pretty desperate. There was no retrogression possible. Cæsar placed a price of tenthousand ducats on her head; she answered, offering one hundred and fifty thousand for his. For a time all went well. What the besiegers destroyed in the day, Caterina and her men repaired at night. She was indefatigable, and, a cuirass over her dress, she passed from point to point, advising, encouraging, helping. But at last the besiegers got the upper hand and penetrated into the fortress. Even then Caterina did not yield. She caused a tower in which they had intrenched themselves to be undermined and exploded. But more and ever more of the enemies' men entered the castle, and at last it was only Caterina's dwelling-place that was not in their hands. Then she resolved on taking a desperate measure. Surrounded by her brothers and suite, she burst in among her enemies, wounding, killing, trampling them down in their frantic efforts to cut their way through. A wild scene of murderous confusion ensued. Caterina was taken several times, but her people succeeded in rescuing her again from the hands of Borgia's men. For two hours the wildest confusion reigned in the courtyard; yet even when she knew full well that the game was lost, Caterina would not give herself up. She made a last forlorn effort to evict the foe by smoking him out, causing every available bit of wood to be lighted. And it almost seemed as if this measure was to meet with some success, when suddenly the wind veered and the thick waves of smoke were turned on the besieged in lieu of the besiegers. Even then Caterina was not crushed. Under cover of the smoke she still fought desperately; but when the fumes lifted for a moment, she saw to her dismay that without her orders a white flag of truce had been drawn up on her towers, and that white handkerchiefs were waving from the stems of lances and firelocks. Then, and then only, Caterina admitted she was vanquished, and retired from the scene of action into her fastness. Meanwhile, though the fighting was ended, murder

and plundering continued till far into the night; and when all was over four hundred and fifty corpses were picked up from the courtyard floor, not to mention the hundreds of wounded men who lay about on all sides.

Cæsar Borgia was not on the spot when the fortress surrendered. At the news he instantly took to horse, and gave orders to watch closely, for he feared his prey might still escape him. Then he summoned Caterina to treat with him. When she heard the notes of his trumpeter, she appeared at a window of her eyrie. Cæsar bade her peremptorily to issue orders that the murdering below should cease. She was about to answer him when an iron hand seized her by the nape of her neck. A *landsknecht* had penetrated into her last retreat and declared her his prisoner. She bowed a courteous leave-taking to Cæsar Borgia, as though saying she had to quit him against her will, and gave herself up to the captain-general of the French forces. Borgia claimed her as his prey. After some squabbling, the Frenchman yielded her up in return for a large sum of money. Then Caterina was led out of the citadel, a prisoner, to Borgia's palace at Forlì. What a different entry was this from that which she had made erewhile! Her path lay over the wounded and dying, and past ruins, desolation, and misery. Up to this point Cæsar Borgia had behaved with all due politeness and respect to his foe. But when he found that she had not her children with her, as he deemed, when he had searched in vain for them among the ruins of the stronghold, and listened to Caterina's triumphant tones, telling him that these victims had at least escaped his wrath, then his true nature asserted itself, and he subjected her to every indignity and shame and abomination, of which only a Borgia could be capable. His worthy father, the pope, had bidden him kill Caterina; but when he too learnt the news that her children were safe, he countermanded the order, and bade his son bring their prisoner to Rome. Clad in a handsome gown of black satin, her head wreathed in black, Caterina rode

beside her enemy out of the city that had been hers, only two servants and two maids of honor accompanying her. Cæsar had not well started on his journey when he was stopped by the French captain-general, who declared that he must deliver up Caterina, as it was against the French law to take prisoner a woman. This sudden outburst of knightly feeling rested, however, on no sounder basis than the fact that Borgia had not paid out in full the sum he had promised in return for his prisoner. After some wretched haggling among these worthy comrades, Caterina was at last handed over again to Borgia, and the custodian of French honor went off satisfied with a pocketful of ducats.

The indignities Caterina had to suffer at the Borgias' hands on this ride to Rome passes words. On February 25, 1500, the Eternal City was at last reached. It has been told that Cæsar Borgia led his prisoner in triumph through the streets of Rome as erst the Emperor Aurelian led Queen Zenobia; but this is not true. The pope himself came out to meet her, and received her courteously, confining her in the Belvedere of the Vatican with twenty men to guard her. It was while in this place that she learnt the dread news of the discomfiture of the whole house of Sforza, her uncle the cardinal and Ludovico il Moro having both been carried prisoners to France. Not even this blow broke the dauntless spirit. She busied herself in planning a mode of escape. It failed, however, and coming to the Borgias' ears, they deemed it wiser to put her in safer keeping; so she was removed to the Castle of St. Angelo, which she had once held defiantly against the whole College of Cardinals. There was an irony of fate truly in this, which doubtless did not escape the notice of this clever woman. That the Borgias did not employ their favorite methods of poison upon her is a marvel. That they desired her death is certain; for when after a while, owing to confinement and harsh treatment, she fell seriously ill, they could hardly conceal their disappointment

that she did not die. They even went so far as to accuse her of trying to poison them, and had her tried on this plea; but at the trial, besides roundly denying the accusation, she made such revelations as to the manner in which the pope and his worthy son had behaved to her, that the pope caused the trial to be swiftly broken off, and bade that no further reference be made to it. But besides physical sufferings and privations, Caterina had to endure mental trials. Her eldest sons urged her to cede her rights on Imola and Forlì in return for money and a cardinal's hat and bishop's mitre respectively. Further, she mourned the absence of her adored youngest son, Giovanni, whom Lorenzino de' Medici tried to withdraw from his mother's guardianship. For eighteen months did she thus languish in prison, nor would she have been released perchance even then but for a curious incident. In June, 1501, the same captain-general of the French troops who had delivered her over to Cæsar Borgia as a hostage passed through Rome on his march against Naples. While going through Upper Italy he had heard the people singing the tragic fate of Caterina in many a folk-song,—for Caterina, her adventures, her joys, and her sorrows, had already become legendary, and inflamed the poetic imagination of the Italian people. The most popular of these songs was entitled "*Lamento*." The verse of this long lament is rough, but not without melody. Its burden goes:—

Scolta questa sconsolata  
Caterina da Forlivo.

Listen to the broken-hearted  
Caterina of Forlivo.

"I who wore scarlet," she says, "must now wear mourning. No armed knight comes to help me. All the world murmurs against ungrateful Italy. I do not mind dying if I die in my own strong citadel." She sings of her sons Ottaviano and Galeazzo, of her uncle the Duke of Milan, of the king of France, of the Duke of Savoy, of the Venetians, the Genoese. She mentions all her

captains by name. It is easy to fancy the women singing these melancholy verses in the long winter evenings as they sit spinning round their flickering oil-lamps, singing it to those curious half-Arabic tunes of theirs, which have a long-drawn note at the end,—tunes that are always echoing among the Italian hills. It was thus that the French captain learnt that Cæsar Borgia had not kept his word, and that Caterina was, after all, a prisoner. He knew, further, that his master the king of France, like all Europe, for the matter of that, was indignant at the general behavior of the Borgias. Arrived in Rome, he instantly demanded Caterina's liberation in the name of the king of France, and under the plea that she had become his subject when taken prisoner, and that Frenchmen did not imprison women. Cæsar, like the coward he was, blustered and swore and protested, but yielded at last, because he could not do otherwise. Caterina had to sign a document renouncing for herself and her sons their rights over their realm, had to pay two thousand ducats to the Borgia for expenses, and was then free to leave her dungeon. She took up her abode in Rome in the splendid palace of Cardinal Riario, known as the Cancelleria to this day.

When she had ridden forth, thin and pale, from her prison, she was so changed that she was almost unrecognizable; for beside the havoc wrought on her person by the damp cells of the Castle of St. Angelo and the tortures to which the Borgias had subjected her, the solitary confinement, the want of active employment, had given her time for thought, and she remembered and repented many of her deeds of blood with a remorse that took so acute a form that her sons had frequently to implore her not to let herself "be thus tempted by the devil to despair, and remember that one drop of Christ's blood would suffice to justify your Excellency and to wipe out all the sins of hell." These haunting fears made her restless, her longing after her youngest born made her desire to be near him, and she therefore asked and obtained a

safe-conduct from the pope to travel to Florence. In the end she did not make use of it. She mistrusted Cæsar Borgia, and feared he might cause her to be taken by some of his minions. At dead of night she stole away by sea to Ostia, and thence to Leghorn. At Florence her brother-in-law Lorenzino received her courteously, and installed her in the house of her dead husband Giovanni, the beautiful Villa di Castello, which lies at the foot of Monte Morello, and which is now a royal country-house. Between this house and a cooler residence in the Casentino, where she pursued her favorite occupations of agriculture and cattle-breeding, were passed the last years of this heroic warrior-woman. But even here peace was not hers. First she was implored by her late subjects, who groaned under Cæsar Borgia's rule, to come to their aid; a new marriage was projected for her, that should strengthen her rights to Forlì. She rejected these offers. Even her energy was somewhat broken. Then her sons harassed her with demands for money and with reproaches. Further, she was anxious about the fate of Giovanni. Lorenzino de' Medici had tampered with the boy's patrimony, and in order to hide this, he meditated attacks upon his nephew's life. She appealed against her brother-in-law and won her cause; but as she did not trust either him or the law, she hid the boy, dressed in girl's clothes, in a Florentine convent. The character and career of Giovanni delle Bande Nere, it has been remarked, has much analogy with that of Achilles. This circumstance makes the analogy yet closer. The education of this wild, ungovernable boy, over whom alone his mother had some control, was the chief occupation and anxiety of her latter years.

Caterina never regained for her eldest son the possessions he had lost. The Borgias were dead, it is true, but the grasp of the Church relaxed not upon the lordships they had gained by every species of crime. Ottaviano meanwhile had become a cardinal. Caterina's life as a widow was certainly exemplary, even if it was not peaceful



or free from care. In April, 1500, she was taken seriously ill, but to all appearance recovered. Her son Ottaviano wrote affectionately to inquire for her at this time. In May she fell ill once more, and after ten days lay dead in the Florentine palace of the Medici. Her illness seems to have been renal calculus, from which she suffered acute pain; but her intelligence was keen to the last. She knew she was dying, and declared her intention of making her will. She provided carefully for all her dependents, and, as a citizen of Florence, left a large sum towards the building of the cathedral. Her faithful confessor was charged to say a thousand masses for her soul. Her son, Giovanni de' Medici, was left sole heir of all her Florentine possessions. Only her daughter Bianca, her eldest child, is not mentioned. She had probably received her portion at her marriage. This will was considered by her contemporaries as "a marvel of prudence and justice." When she had fulfilled this act she received the sacraments, and shortly after the tolling of the bell of San Lorenzo warned the Florentines that the "Lady of Imola" was dying. It is not known whether any of her children were with her at the crisis. She was buried by her own desire in the convent of the Murate. An inscription was placed over the spot where her remains were laid, but this, with the remains themselves, disappeared when the convent, in 1835, was turned into a prison. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

No sketch of Caterina Sforza's life is complete without a reference to her wonderful recipe-book, which Pasolini prints almost entire, and which proves that Caterina was as capable a house-keeper as a warrior. Some are omitted, not, says Pasolini, because they are immoral, but because they are expressed in terms inconsistent with the usages of the present day. A notable feature is the number of disinfectants and preventives against contagion it contains. Upon this important point Caterina was very far in advance of her age. Many of the recipes are for en-

hancing and preserving beauty. Some are for concocting poisons.

After Caterina's death the wildest legends crystallized about her person. "Superhuman strength, angelic beauty, ferocious and vindictive character," such are the attributes of the legendary Caterina Sforza of whom the populace of Imola still retain the tradition. Pasolini holds that the explanation is to be found in the fact that in her image are personified all the strange tales of the warlike ladies of great families who succeeded each other in the government of the Romagna during the Middle Ages (Traversari, Da Polenta, Malatesta, Ordellaffi, Manfredi, Paganì), and also the strange female companions of the papal legates who succeeded them. At Forlì there still lingers the tradition of a subterranean passage which led from the citadel to the palace and to other castles in the vicinity. At Imola, especially among the peasants of the mountains, there exist many wonderful legends. There is a ruined castle, which was never hers, but which tradition gives to Caterina, and a column is shown which is said to stand over the trap-door of the pit into which she flung her victims. At Monte Poggiolo and Castrocaro pits are shown called the "Queen's Well," said to have been used for the same purpose. At Pancaldoli, a village on the frontier between Tuscany and Romagna, where Caterina is stated to have retired after she lost Forlì, the people even to this day state that she is often seen, beautiful and terrible, holding a lantern in her hand which shoots out sparks of fire. Especially at Christmas time does she appear, at the hour of the midnight mass. Further, she is said to have given balls in the citadel of Riolo, from which none of the guests ever returned.<sup>1</sup> Even in the city of Imola strange tales are told. About twenty years ago a groom fled frightened from the stables of the Palazzo Sforza, declaring that he had seen the apparition of an armed female warrior. This palace, the story goes, was built by Caterina in one night

<sup>1</sup> Similar legends are related of Giovanna of Naples.



with the help of the devil. A large chest full of gold is supposed to exist in its recesses, and Caterina's ghost wanders through its vast halls. Sometimes she carries a lamp. If any one tries to explore its dark staircases she appears and extinguishes the light they bear. The foundation of these legends is the more strange, as Caterina never possessed Forlone, Monte Poggiolo, or Castrocaro.

Caterina was the last lay ruler of Imola and Forlì. Three hundred and fifty-nine years of papal rule followed. Her arms are the last which remain without triple crown or keys, and her priestly successors have chosen to stigmatize her rule as the antithesis of their own mild and beneficent government. Little by little these arms grew to be the object of hatred and terror, and the Visconti viper, which she carried in right of her grandmother, came to be regarded as a symbol of the devil. To-day, however, all this mystery is vanishing. A more just judgment has made its way, and Caterina's memory is vindicated. When we remember the time in which she lived, we are forced to admit that her rule was, on the whole, wise and benevolent, though imperious and sometimes tyrannical. Personally she had some resemblance to that Napoleonic heroine, "Madame Sans Gêne," but she never fell below the level of the greatest ladies of her time. An interesting document given by Pasolini is a letter from Savonarola to Caterina in answer to one of hers, which unfortunately is lost. It is dated June 18, 1497, the very day on which the friar's excommunication by Alexander VI. was published in the Church of Santo Spirito at Florence. In this letter Savonarola encourages Caterina in the hope that God will hear her prayers, and exhorts her to continuance in prayer, to justice towards her subjects, to alms-giving, and to the consideration of the shortness and misery of this present life, with promises to pray to God for her without ceasing. Fragments of Caterina's own letters, addressed often to the most notable men of her time, evince her great shrewd-

ness and the keen knowledge of men and things. She writes, for instance: "It is better not to trust any living creature, because when things of importance begin to be treated, it seems as if they then came of necessity to light, and more is always said than the real truth." "No bonds can hold men who are driven to despair." "It does not seem to me honest to make contracts in matters ecclesiastical." "When preparing for war, we must get rid of words and painted horses." "With words no State can be defended." To Lorenzo de' Medici she once wrote, "Sum prima per sentire le botte che havere paura" (I must first feel blows ere I am afraid), a phrase that struck Pasolini as so characteristic of the woman that he prefixed it as a motto to his book. Whenever she wore woman's dress she was very grand and splendid in her attire, and insisted that her women should be so too. She was devoted to animals, in an age when love of animals was little known, especially fond of horses and dogs.

Caterina has had at various times biographers who have given most diverse accounts of her; but all agree in the description of her pious and repentant widowhood at Florence. She had the misfortune to live at a time when those endowed with power were of necessity led into violence; yet she always retained a strong, almost a spiritual faith. When preparing for her defence against Caesar Borgia, she writes to the nuns of the Murate, imploring their prayers in her extremity. The letter to which that of Savonarola is an answer must have been of the same tenor. Perhaps we cannot better close this article than by quoting, as Pasolini has done, the conclusion of the earliest biography of Caterina, written not long after her death:—

Caterina, thus liberated from her long captivity of eighteen months, borne with the strongest patience, proceeded to Florence, where her children were, and there, welcomed and caressed by the Signory, worn out, and satiated with the affairs of this false world, she turned her ideas wholly to thoughts of a more safe and

tranquil life. And as in the management of temporal rule, to the rare and unusual credit of the female sex, she was the equal of the bravest and most prudent men of that age, so when given to the Spirit and to holiness in both the active and the contemplative life, she surpassed all the examples of her time. Whence, when the course of her years was ended, it is not forbidden to a pious and Christian soul to believe that the angels received that blessed soul into the kingdom of heaven, and gave it up, purged and purified, to its Creator, where in the calm state of eternal glory it may enjoy the most blissful vision of God, the Three in One, who liveth and reigneth for ever and ever.

Certainly for her there was "light at evening time." She had borne a son who was to carry on during his brief life the noblest traditions of her heroic line, and time was given her in which to dispose as she desired of all her worldly goods. Peace to her memory! Her virtues were her own, her crimes those of her age and surroundings, and no woman certainly can reflect, without a thrill of pride, upon the fact that the only being who dared to make a stand against the resistless might of the Borgia was one of themselves, a lonely, unaided widow.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

From Temple Bar.

#### A DULDITCH ANGEL.

##### A SKETCH.

"She lived by my side a matter o' sixty yare, and she niver so much as laid a straw i' my path," said old Angel to me, speaking of the wife he had just buried.

He was a little old man, blue-eyed, white-haired, apple-cheeked. He was dressed in the Sunday suit which had distinguished him, perhaps, from the time when he went courting the paragon he lamented: a long velveteen coat, adorned with brass buttons; a tall hat, decorated with a hat-band now, worn at the back of his head. Under one arm he carried a huge green umbrella, under the other a heavy stick. Outside

his own gate he never ventured without these implements of offence and defence; he brought both to church as regularly as he brought his Bible and prayer-book; I never remember to have seen him use either.

There may have been, in former years, weather "big" enough to warrant him in mounting the green umbrella, but he spoke of present-day downfalls cheerfully as "a m'isture," and let the rain beat upon his round, rosy face, and pour off the battered brim of his tall hat, keeping his gingham safely under his arm the while. Perhaps he shrank from seeming to claim a superiority over the other men who have no spare cash for such trivialities as umbrellas, and who adopt no protection from the storm other than an old artificial manure sack flung over their shoulders. Perhaps he feared lest the rain should injure the dear possession. It was never unfolded; neither was his stick used for support.

Old Angel lived at the extremity of the parish in a little one-storied cottage, planted all alone behind a long strip of garden, where marigolds and the dark columbine, tall white lilies, and the old York and Lancaster rose grew among the gooseberry and currant bushes. For Angel was, as will be seen, a man of sentiment and encouraged the beautiful.

The garden boasted also a very old greengage tree, the pride of old Angel's heart.

With his umbrella and his stick tucked away under his arms, he would toddle up to the Rectory in the early spring to solicit orders for the fruit. It was an unceasing satisfaction to him—a satisfaction, however, which he politely strove to conceal—that there was not a greengage tree in all the Rectory garden.

"I thought as how I'd be betimes wi' ye for the gages," he would say, "I thought as how I'd give ye fust chancet. I ha' heard tell as th' Rev'rend is agrable to th' fruit; and I think, ef so be as my mem'ry don't mislade me, ye ha'nt a gage i' yer orn gaarden?"

We always hastened to confirm this point and to lament the fact.

"Mayhap 'tis made up to ye," he would continue, as one who was loath to press an advantage. "Theer be a fine bully (bullace tree) I know I' th' orchard—for one day we was a-talkin' matters over, th' Rev'rend and me, and he telled me so his-self. He di'n't patronimize th' bully like th' gages, from what he let on to me. Howsever, there be a good show t' year—th' tree be a picter for blow, and ef so be as th' kerstels (clusters) set, yer may reckon I'll be able to 'blige ye. An' ef so be as I kin, my dear wumman, you may be sure I wull."

The time of blossom was the only time of triumph for old Angel; for the harvest of the tree was apt to be sadly disappointing. We, at the Rectory, have had to make up to him for the deficiency of the measure we had ordered by unmeasured praise of the quality of the fruit.

"'Tis a good gage," the old fellow would admit dispassionately, looking mournfully upon the pint or so of the plums—the entire crop—he was transferring from his basket to our own; "and the Rev'rend is agrable to th' fruit, I know. The bully be a useful sort'er a plum, but he ain't to comparison in tastiness to th' gage."

The tears ran down his cheeks as he talked about the old wife he had just laid in the churchyard. It was of her goodness to him alone he spoke; but for years we, in Dulditch, had witnessed his patience, his tenderness, his unfailing devotion to the peevish and afflicted old woman, whose loss he now artlessly mourned.

She was, it had seemed to us, a troublesome, unlovable patient; fractious, ungrateful, indocile. In the last years of her life she had been imbecile, as well as incurably afflicted in other ways. As gently and as wisely as a good mother waits on her stricken child did the old husband wait upon his wife. There were no near neighbors, and those from a distance who had lent a helping hand soon tired of the unremunerative office. He made no protest or complaint. Cheerfully and alone he labored on.

A young man rejoices over his bride,

wondering at her beauty, waiting on her whims, indulging her caprices, worshipping her with heart and eye; and the world smiles indulgent at the pretty sight. Over such a devotion as this of the ignorant old pauper husband to his unlovely, ungracious old wife, it has seemed to me that the angels themselves might smile, well pleased.

"I'll tell ye how't be," he said, with his little half-childish chuckle, one day when I had been moved to express to him my appreciation of his untiring care and tenderness, "I'll tell ye th' wuds I used ter say ter my old wumman in our young time, when her and me, happen, di'n't allust think alike, as, happen, men and women sometimes don't, 'Meery,' I'd say, 'Meery,' (these hare be th' wuds) 'theer's on'y one thing to be put down to yar favor, Meery, bor,' I'd say, 'and that be—I love yer.'"

He nodded his head triumphantly at this reminiscence. "Tha's how't be, ye see, wi' Meery and me," he cried, in concluding the matter, "Tha's how't be."

About his poverty, any more than about his trials with his invalid wife, he never complained. He was neither ungrateful for kindness, nor avaricious of benefits. He was incapable of grudging what fell to another's share or was given to another's necessity. More than once he refused the little money-help that could be offered him.

"Kape it yerself, my dare wumman," he said, his stiff fingers closing mine upon the coin in my hand, "Ye'll maybe want it as much as me. I ha' heered tell as how money's skeerse up to th' Rect'ry; and th' Rev'rend he don't look no matters hisself. Come sickness, tha's expensive, as ye'll find, mayhap. Kape 't yerself, and thenk 'e."

For any little service he did accept, the white lilies, the red and white striped roses of his garden payed a pretty toll. So sure as a can of broth, a medicine bottle filled with wine, was dispatched to him so surely did old Angel present himself with the floral tribute gathered from among the gooseberry bushes. It was in payment for the old night-shirt from the rector's

stock, given him to be buried in, that he insisted on bequeathing me the lavender bush from beside his door.

The last garment which shall drape their mortal bodies is always a matter of serious import to the poor. It was with much reluctance that old Angel confided to me the fact that the shirt which had been set aside for his own burial had been taken to deck the body of his wife; she, during the irresponsible condition of the last years of her life, having "made a hand o' th' shimmy" she had provided for the occasion.

The lavender bush was especially precious to her husband, as "Meery" had set it, and had always "favored" the plant. He had "strowed" her body with the flowers when she lay in her coffin, he told me.

Angel had been born and bred a Primitive Methodist, but seceded from that body twenty years or so before his death, and came over to the Church, the reason he gave being that he wished to "set under" a gentleman.

"Why, him as prache at chapel b'ain't no better nor me," he used to say, with fine contempt. "Wha's th' good o' his settin' hisself up ter mandate ter me? Gl' me a preacher as kin look down on yee, high and haughty-like, to hold forth. I don't, so to say, set no store by none o' them smiley and similiar (familiar) ones."

He was an out-and-out Conservative, although he never knew it, and was always on the side of the moneyed classes and of authority.

"Them as ha' th' proputtty is them as oughter rule," he said. "'Tis for th' quality to ha' th' haughtiness, and for we to ha' th' manners. Manners don't cost nowt, as I tell 'em, and a man'll be a sight o' time a-wearin' up 's hat by touchin' on it. As fur a-settin' up ter be akal (equal) alonger th' gentry and sech like—why 't can't niver be done—niver! Tneer be them, sure enow, and hare be we, and us can't imitate ter say as we be o' th' same pattern. Why, even in heaven, bless th' Lord, theer be the angels and the arch-angels, and ef so be as I ha' to chuse when I git theer, I think, happen, 't'll

be th' leessest o' th' two I make ch'lee on."

Such views would not meet with approval in the White Hart sanded kitchen, or even in Littleproud's shop, but old Angel was not a frequenter of either place.

He was one of the rector's staunchest upholders, although his favorite form of defence, when put down in black and white, appears somewhat of the lukewarm order, and his praise seems to some of us unnecessarily faint.

"That he's a p'or critter I b'ain't a-denyin'," he would say dispassionately, "but them as know tell ter me there ain't much ch'lee among 'em. An' ef so be as we ha'n't got much ter boast on, we must be thankful for no wuss. Th' Rev'rend—yew kin see he've got book-larnin' by the vacant look on 'm; and I'm one for heerin' them as ha' book-larnin' hold forth. Ef so be as yew ha'n't th' onderstandin' for't—'tis wallable all th' same. I ha'n't naught to say agin th' Rev'rend, considerin' his capacity o' life."

It is said that the greatest compliment a man can pay his wife is to take another after her death. The number of wives who wish to have the admiration of their husbands so expressed is probably small. Be that as it may, it is certain that old Angel, who had loved and sincerely mourned his wife, lost no time in trying to replace her. He was specially attracted to our own faithful and invaluable domestic through the coincidence of her bearing the Christian name of the deceased Mrs. Angel. On the day that he called to arrange with the Rector the hour for the burying he made an offer of himself, hand and heart, stick, umbrella, and one-and-sixpence a week, to our Mary while he waited in the kitchen.

We were a little shocked at such precipitancy, but we soon learnt that even this was not his first *affaire*, he having already proposed matrimony to Susanah Chaney, the widow woman who had been summoned to lay Mary Angel forth.

Our Mary always refused to believe that she herself was not the widower's first choice, and she stoutly discredited

Mrs. Chaney's report. For although Mary had treated the old man's proposal with the savagest contempt, the report that another had seen fit to refuse him filled her with fury.

"Oh, dessay!" she said with fine disdain, and dashing the crockery about, as is her reprehensible habit when her temper is disturbed. "Refuged on 'm, have she? Oh, dessay! What Marg'et! Ketch 'er at it!"

But Mary's anger could not alter facts, and it is well authenticated that within the six weeks following his wife's death old Angel made as many as a dozen offers of marriage. Among women of all ages, from eighteen years to eighty, he sought a mate, and I, for my part, think it a great pity he could not find one. He was a cheerful, chirpy, companionable little old man, and he found his solitary fate very hard to bear. In marrying, I believe that he was chiefly anxious to find a companion to whom he might chatter incessantly of the defunct Mary. He had treasured up in his mind, to produce on the shortest notice, a store of the perfectly pointless remarks to which she, in the sixty years of their married life, had given utterance, and of the entirely unremarkable replies they had called forth. But the attitude of the peasant mind is not critical; it is only the oft-told tale that finds favor, and there always seems to be a preference for the one that has neither end, nor beginning, nor life, nor savor. I do not think that the second Mrs. Angel, if she had ever existed, would have understood that she should have been bored to death by such reminiscences.

His cottage stood away by itself in a very lonely part of Dulditch—quite half a mile from any other habitation. Unless the old man shouldered stick and umbrella and came "up town way" in search of society, he might go for weeks without seeing a soul to speak to. He had grown so old as to be very much a child again in many ways, and he had a child's fear of being alone.

Interminable those long summer days must have seemed to him—no particular work falling to his hand to do. The gooseberries and currants picked; the

pea and bean stalks—their produce all gathered and eaten—pulled up; the garden—for the greater part laid out in rows of potatoes—requiring just now no attention. But the habit of a lifetime cannot be abandoned when there is no longer any call for its performance, and old Angel still arose when the day was in its earliest hazy freshness. Hours before it was time for his breakfast he had completed those small household jobs which were all he had to look forward to for the day's occupation. From the time he broke his fast—from eight o'clock in the morning till eight at night, when he locked his house door and went to bed—time must have hung wearily on his hands. How he lingered over taking up the one root of potatoes which yielded enough for his dinner! What a business he made of washing, and peeling, and putting in the pot! After that there was only to watch the potatoes boil, and to turn them bodily into the big yellow basin in the centre of the table—the basin which for sixty years had been wont to hold a double share.

He ate his portion with tears now, and many gurgling noises, and little clicks of emotion, but having eaten, invariably felt strong and perky again, and would place his tall hat on his little white head—he always wore the rector's left-off hats, which were sizes too large for him—and saunter jauntily down to the garden gate to look out for moving incidents of the road, and to intercept the passer-by.

He made a practice of hailing all the carts that passed by means of his up-lifted stick. Now and again a driver would obey the summons and would let his pony crop the grass by the roadside, or pull at the long branches of the honeysuckle and blackberry bramble trailing over the fence, to exchange a word or two on the state of the weather and the crops with the lonely old man. On rare occasions the present of a lettuce for his tea, or some sticks of rhubarb for his "old woman to put down," would tempt a passer-by to enter the gate, to wander down the narrow garden path, bounded by the currant and gooseberry bushes, to stand and stare



with old Angel at the "inion" bed; to contemplate the long rows of potatoes, and to hear the history of every row—which went in at the time observed by universal custom and which was the result of the wild experiment of "Febbiwary plantin'."

The days that the old man toddled down to report himself to the relieving officer and to receive his dole of money and of bread were red-letter days in his calendar. Waiting about among the old widows collected for the same purpose he offered himself wildly, right and left, in matrimony, like the gallant knight Sir John Dureley in days of yore at Windsor.

"Tain't good for man to be alone," he reminded me when I spoke to him on the subject. "Theer's jobs a man weren't niver meant to 'complish in his capacity o' life; and th' time hang wonderful heavy. I bain't a complainin', my dare wumman; for th' Lord he ha' made th' sasons, and the sun knoweth his a-goin' down. But my nights du fare ter'ble long now there bain't Meery no more to wait on."

I noticed that he had aged a great deal in a very little time, and that his cheerful perkiness had ceased to be a habit and was only assumed on occasion.

One morning he appeared at the rectory carrying a little parcel tied in a cabbage leaf as well as the umbrella and stick beneath his arm.

"I thought, happen, I'd make sure as yer had yer bush," he said as he untied the string of this parcel, "there's no accountin' for how matters 'll be at th' gaarden arter I'm gone. Th' incomer he, mayhap, 'll want ter stick ter th' lavender. As long as Meery planted on't I don't fare i' th' mind to dig it up—not i' my time. Tha's wheer she wushed th' bush ter be, stan' ter rayson, else why 'd th' wumman plant it theer? An' ef so be as Meery bain't hare to spake fur 'erself, I don't keer to cross her wushes that laid alongside o' me fur sixty yare. So I ha' tuk 'slips o' th' bush and I think ye'll stan' a chancet o' raisin' on 'em. And ef so be as my time's come I kin fare alsy ye ha'n't been chated out o' yer lavender."

He said, in answer to inquiry, that he was feeling "no matters" that morning, and that he fancied "mayhap" the Lord had need of him, and that his time was about come. "My po'r Meery, she be gone," he sighed, wiping the back of his little horny red hand across mouth and nose, "and I reckon as I'm ter foller."

He had caught a "chronic cold" the night before, he said, "t'rough slapin' w' th' windy open." Reminded that the heat of the summer was over and that the year had suddenly turned very cold, he admitted his imprudence.

"Twere th' fust frost o' th' yare," he acknowledged sadly. "Th' daylies (dahlias) i' Littleproud's gaarden be all black and limpsy-laved this mornin', and the mar'go's (marigolds) and snapdragons is dead. 'Twere strikin' cold—but theer was raysons," he added mysteriously, with a bewildered trouble in his moist blue eyes. Touching me confidentially on the arm he repeated the phrase in a whisper, "Theer was raysons, my dare wumman, why I ope'd the windy."

He went away, carrying the "chronic" cold and the familiar stick and umbrella, and I thought that the little old man looked smaller than ever—strangely shrunken and dwindled.

It was Meelyer Sprite, the woman who once a week "rid th' old chap up" who a few days later volunteered to enlighten me on the subject of the "raysons." Meelyer is a gossiping, foolish woman, not at all a favorite of mine. She hailed me as I hurried past her door—her manner is always entirely wanting in respectfulness. It is advisable to avoid conversation with her as much as possible.

"Ye've heerd as po'r old man Angel is harnted?" she called. "He be, howsomdever, sure enough," she added with curt insistence when I indignantly repudiated the notion. "'Tis old Meery a worrittin' on 'm again, most like. She alust were a onsat'sfied, restles old critter. I take it more 'n likelies she 'ont lay quiet i' th' graveyard."

Meelyer treated my angrily remonstrant remarks as if she had not heard them.

"She be allust a flappin' across 's faace sure as th' dark come on and he crape into 's bed," she continued. "Th' po'r old chap, he's all on a trimble when's time come ter lay down. I ha' left 'm of a muck-swat when I ha' closed th' door on 'm. 'Tis old Meery, sure 's eggs—I tell'd 'm so from th' fust; and he don't imitate ter deny as how 't be."

I tried to point out to Amelia the wickedness of putting such ideas into the head of old Angel who had been so good to his wife, and who still so loved her memory.

"He bain't so fond o' havin' on 'er floppin' about over 's faace, for all that, I kin tell yer," Meelyer called after me defiantly, as I walked indignantly away.

There is no real harm in the woman, only she is made so that she must "run on" the neighbors say. She has worked much mischief by her ignorant tongue. Her "running on" in the present case had certainly a disastrous result.

The old man sat and shivered over his fire; all the cheerfulness gone out of him forever; a stricken look on his face. He received all that was said to him deferentially and did not attempt any argument, but it was easy to see that his belief in the supernaturalness of his experience was not shaken.

"'Tain't twill I'm abed and th' light out," he said dejectedly, "then she begun a whirr'n and a swoopin' and a flap-pin'."

"Why do you call it—this thing of your imagination—she?"

The watery blue eyes were shifted from mine and he did not answer.

"Oh, Angel! You that spoke to me with such beautiful faith of the heavenly home to which your wife had gone!"

He gave the hand that was laid on his a trembling pressure.

"Maybe I was i' tew much 'f a hurry," he said timidly. "Maybe she weren't gone so much 'f a suddint. Happen she be a waitin' fur me!"

"Don't lie in darkness. Keep your candle burning for to-night."

He evidently thought me crazy to make such a suggestion.

"My dare wumman, 'twould gutter down 'n a jiffy in th' draught from th' open windy!"

"Shut your window. Your bed is directly beneath it—you might as well lie in the open air."

"I kape 't open agin she may take 't in 'er hed to go out by the windy," he explained. "I lave th' sneck o' th' door undone for th' same rayson."

Small wonder he had a cold, small wonder the "rattlin'" on his chest was, as he said, "terrific!"

"Put out your hand and catch the thing," I counselled him. "It is either a bird or it is nothing. I incline to think it is a bird."

"'Tain't nayther," he said with resigned wretchedness. "'Tis a sight tew big for ayther o' them. 'Tis my po'r Meery herself, I make no doubt."

"'Tis a bat," our Guy said, laughing when he heard the tale.

"A bat! My dear Guy, he describes a thing of as much size and importance as an eagle. He couldn't possibly have mistaken anything like a bat for his Mary!"

"Ten to one 'tis a bat," Guy persisted. The boy is very fond of his own opinions. He is bound to be as they are always right, he says. "'Tis a bat that hides in some corner in the daytime and flies about at night. Be sure you tell him 'tis a bat, sir," he said to his father who was standing, bat in hand, ready to depart, in obedience to a wish old Angel had expressed to see "th' Rev'rend," and to take the sacrament.

The rector forgot the pocket communion service and presently came back for it. Five minutes later we heard his step in the hall again, and Mary put her head in at the door to tell us that the master could not remember if it was old Angel who wished to communicate, or Martha Brown's brother (commonly called among us Fitz-Brown because he is subject to fits) who was lying ill of a "twinsky," at the other end of the parish.

"The dear old shepherd!" Guy said, laughing a little sadly as he watched

the bent figure of my brother disappearing for the third time through the Rectory gate, "he is always so sadly 'mixed' about his sheep."

When I lay down in my own comfortable bed that night and put out the light, my thoughts wandered to old Angel at the far end of the village. The lonely old man, ill, and haunted by his ignorant fears! By dwelling on them, his loneliness and his terror oppressed me. The night was inky black, a dreary length of uninhabited road and a thick plantation of dark firs, full of melancholy noises and ugly possibilities, separated him from any human help. The wind was abroad, I heard it sweeping through the trees in the garden; it came tearing round the corner of the house; the blind over my window stirred and rustled; a creeper tapped, like a peremptory finger, against the pane; I began to feel old Angel's terror as a very real thing.

"Put out your hand and lay hold of whatever it is that hovers over your face," I had said; I who cannot repress a shudder if an "ar-wriggle," as Mary calls an earwig, crawls upon my dress, and who screamed aloud the other evening when a midsummer daw dashed itself in the dark against my face! Dare I, twenty years younger than the feeble old man, nurtured in no superstitious terrors, strong of body and fairly sane—dare I put out my hand in the dark and grasp at any felt but unseen, mysterious presence?

How terrible, when one's mind dwelt on them, were the sufferings of the poor! How horrible, above all, was the enforced solitariness of the very old! To be ill and quite alone; in terror—terror of an exaggerated kind it must have been, which could have reduced cheery, pleasant old Angel to his present physical condition, and put that look of trouble in his serene blue eyes—quite alone; thirsty, as the human soul must always be for sympathy, companionship, comfort, longing for the touch of a friendly hand, the sound of a friendly voice—always alone!

Something might have been done for him if I had realized all this quite in

the same way before. I might have induced old Skipper, his rheumatics being temporarily better, to hobble down on his crutches and share the horrors of the night with the other old man. Skipper was a soldier once, and is reported to be afraid of nothing. Perhaps "Dummy" Barrett, who, being stone deaf, can't have been frightened by the story of the "harntin'," would, for a consideration, have sat at the bedside.

As it was, I pictured the old blue and white checked curtains of the four posters swaying in the night wind, the poor shivering figure upon the bed, cowering, waiting for that mysterious swirling of the air which would come surely at last, that swoop of something huge, shadowy, awful, across his face. The poor defenceless, kindly old man, suffering the agonies of a terror which nothing earthly, surely, could call forth! The unseen presence is lifted. There comes another rush through the air, another swirl and swoop, nearer to his face this time—

My own hair had begun to creep with horror. I kindled the light again and took up a Book which lies always by my bedside, wherewith to exorcise the spirit of terror.

The next day happened to be that of the weekly "redding-up," at which Amelia Sprite officiated. The gale of the previous night was still blowing when "Meelyer" reached the old man's cottage. The door, "un-sneaked" for the egress of "Meery," was blowing noisily to and fro; the blue and white cotton curtains of the four-poster were tossing wildly in the wind from the wide open lattice. Old Angel was lying upon the bed, still and dead.

The toothless mouth, the one visible eye, were wide open, giving a look of terror to the face. Over the other eye and over part of the sunken cheek something black was lying, which, on closer inspection, proved to be a bat.

Before she discovered the nature of the object, Meelyer, with the touch of disgust, had twitched the shrivelled looking patch off the dead face. For a moment or two it fluttered feebly on

the floor till Meelyer's heavy foot put an end to its existence.

Guy had been right as usual. "Did you tell the poor old fellow his ghost was only a bat, sir?" he asked of his father.

But the rector had forgotten. A circumstance the more curious as he now recalled the fact that while reading and praying with old Angel he had observed a bat clinging to the top of the bed among the curtains.

"Bat or no bat—'twere Meery," Meelyer Sprite said. "'Twere old Meery, safe enough. And I jemmed my fut on 'er, thank th' Lord."

MARY E. MANN.

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From The Contemporary Review.  
THE IRISH PRIESTHOOD.

The year 1795 was probably the most fateful in modern Irish history. It is impossible to magnify or overrate the influences that a series of political events which occurred that year have exercised on the destinies of Ireland. It was in 1795 that the union between Great Britain and Ireland was finally determined on by Pitt. That year also saw the establishment in Ireland of two institutions as wide apart as the poles in inspiration and aims—the College of Maynooth and the Orange Society, which—as the fountain heads of two potent streams of antagonistic religious and political thought, that have now been permeating the people of Ireland for a century—have not attracted the attention they deserve from students of those complex Irish problems, political, religious, and social, which have vexed, and in all probability will continue to vex, British statesmen for many a year.

Maynooth College, the famous training college of the Irish priesthood, has just celebrated the centenary of its foundation. The institution was established in June, 1795, by the Imperial government, as an act of State policy, to secure and retain on the side of England in the management of Ireland

the influence of the Catholic Church in that country. During the greater portion of the seventeenth century the Irish priests were compelled by the penal laws passed by the Irish Parliament against Roman Catholics to go abroad for their education. They were trained for the ministry in colleges at Paris, Lisbon, Salamanca, which had foundations established for their education and support principally by the French, Spanish, and Portuguese sovereigns. At the outbreak of the French Revolution there were as many as three hundred and forty-eight Irish ecclesiastical students in Paris, out of a total of four hundred and seventy-eight on the Continent; and one of the results of that tremendous social upheaval was the closing of the Irish College, and the dispersal of its students. The Irish Roman Catholic bishops naturally viewed this state of things with alarm, for it might mean at least a serious diminution in the supply of priests for missionary work in Ireland. They were desirous of having the priests educated and trained at home, under their own immediate control, but, though the legal ban against the education of Roman Catholic ecclesiastics in Ireland had just been removed, to establish and support a college for the purpose was utterly beyond their financial means. They therefore approached the government on the subject.

The Roman Catholic bishops at this time were all old men, of antique simplicity, judging from their various petitions and addresses to the government, and their spirits were bowed and humbled by the operation of the penal enactments. The immediate predecessors of these ecclesiastics lived, as a rule, in France, or Italy, or Spain, and only ventured on rare occasions to visit Ireland to discharge their episcopal duties, when they resided, disguised, in humble farmhouses in remote parts of their dioceses, in order to evade the hostile attentions of the authorities. The bishops whose lot had fallen in better times, were, therefore, thankful to be allowed to pass their days in undis-

turbed obscurity in Ireland. They ascribed the improvement in their position, through the relaxation of the penal laws, solely to the good-will of the government in London, and not to the influence of more liberal views in politics and religion operating on the members of both Houses of the Irish Parliament. They were, consequently, steadfast and consistent supporters of the British connection, as they declared in many addresses to the throne. They held severely aloof from the movements of the time for the extension of political freedom and the social improvement of the people. They gave but a passive countenance, rather than an active support, to the feeble and spasmodic movement for emancipation within the Catholic body itself during the fifty or sixty years it was entirely controlled by a few influential members of the gentry, and before it passed, at the opening of the present century, into the more resolute hands of O'Connell and the Catholic merchants and shopkeepers of Dublin; they were hostile to the Society of United Irishmen, which was first founded to obtain Parliamentary reform (including the admission of Catholics to Parliament) by constitutional means, but had, under the influence of the French principles of the time, developed into a secret revolutionary society for the establishment of an Irish republic; and, later on, for the same reasons, they gave their unanimous support to the project of the Union.

When, therefore, Dr. Troy, Archbishop of Dublin, presented a petition in 1794 to the lord lieutenant (the Earl of Westmoreland) on behalf of the prelates of the Roman Catholic communion in Ireland, praying the government to establish and endow a training college for the priesthood at home, in order that—as the petition ran—"they may no longer expose their youth to the contagion of sedition and infidelity, and the country to the danger of introducing the pernicious maxims of licentious philosophy," the government was, for several reasons, ready to listen with willing ear to the scheme. Ireland was

thoroughly disaffected. The revolutionary principles of the United Irishmen had permeated the middle classes; many of the gentry and aristocracy had also caught the contagion; and the small farmers and laborers—who formed the vast bulk of the population, and had their own secret societies for their own immediate agrarian objects—were in complete sympathy with the movement, not because of its high-flown sentiments of liberty, equality, and fraternity, for these things they did not understand, but because they thought it aimed at the overthrow of the landed class, to whom they ascribed all their social ills. The country was virtually ruled from Whitehall—notwithstanding the declaration of independence of 1782 with which the name of Henry Grattan is inseparably associated. The Irish Parliament was so venal that it was brought, by the distribution of patronage, completely under the control of the British government; and Pitt, engrossed in his great struggle with France, and unwilling to be diverted by domestic troubles, was evidently inclined to concede even Catholic Emancipation, in order to stem the rising tide of popular disaffection in Ireland. Lord Fitzwilliam was made viceroy on the understanding, as most historians now agree, that Catholic Emancipation was to be granted. He arrived in Dublin on January 4, 1795. On February 12, Grattan, by arrangement with the viceroy, moved in the Irish House of Commons for leave to bring in a bill for the admission of Catholics to Parliament. But, when intelligence of the new policy reached George III., he insisted on the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam, and on March 25, less than three months from the date of his arrival, that nobleman quitted Dublin amid one of the most remarkable demonstrations of national indignation and sorrow which the Irish capital has ever witnessed. Thwarted in this policy of concession, Pitt then determined on bringing about a union of the British and Irish Parliaments.

But, meantime, something had to be done to assuage the disappointed hopes



of the Roman Catholics. It was determined to grant the prayer of the prelates in their petition to the government in the previous year. Accordingly a bill was carried by the government through both Houses of the Irish Parliament with remarkable celerity, and without a single division in either House, voting a sum of £8,000 for the establishment of a college for the education and training of the priests. It received the royal assent of George III. on June 5, 1795. The act appointed as trustees of the college the lord chancellor of Ireland, the lord chief justice of the King's Bench, the chief justice of the Common Pleas, the chief baron of the Exchequer, all of whom were Protestants; six Roman Catholic laymen; the four Roman Catholic archbishops, and seven other Roman Catholic bishops; but the management of the college was practically left entirely to the ecclesiastics, and in a few years the judges were removed by Parliament from the Board of Trustees. An offer by the Duke of Leinster of a house and fifty-four acres of land at a nominal rent at Maynooth, about twelve miles from Dublin, and adjoining his demesne, was accepted, and on June 25, 1795, the college began its career with fifty students. At the end of the century there were one hundred and fifty students on the rolls.

Within four years the Irish Parliament had voted by annual grants a sum of £35,000 for the establishment of the college. In 1799 the trustees petitioned for an annual allowance of £8,000, at which sum they estimated the yearly expenses of the college; but a bill to provide that amount, after passing through the Commons, was rejected by the Lords on the ground that the original intention of Parliament was to assist in the foundation of the college, and not to maintain it permanently. That year the college received nothing from the State. However, in the next session, the session of 1800, the last of the Irish Parliament, a sum of £8,000 towards defraying the annual charges of the college for the year ending March 25, 1801, was voted in the Estimates.

The annual grant was continued by the Imperial Parliament until 1845. It varied between £8,000 and £9,000. It came up every year in the Estimates for the Irish offices, and its rejection was invariably moved, but without success, by ultra-Protestant members, who contended that the taxpayers ought not to be compelled to pay for the propagation of the immoral doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church.

Before 1845 the number of free studentships in the college was two hundred and fifty, the value of each being estimated at about £25 a year. But in 1845, Sir Robert Peel succeeded, with the help of the Whigs and the Repealers, and against the vehement opposition of the bulk of his own Tory followers, in carrying a bill increasing the annual grant to the very substantial sum of £26,360, and by making the grant a permanent charge on the Consolidated Fund, he did away with the yearly debate on the college in the House of Commons. It was this bill, known as the Maynooth Improvement Bill, which led to Mr. Gladstone's historic resignation of the post of president of the Board of Trade, which he held in the Peel ministry, because the proposals of the bill were at variance with the views he had put forth in his famous pamphlet on "Church and State." He no longer entertained these views, he said; and as a private member he supported the measure in its various stages through the House of Commons; but, with a super-sensitiveness not often found in political life, he feared it might be supposed, if he remained in office, that his change of opinion was dictated by interested motives. By this act the number of free places in the college was increased to five hundred, £28 per annum being appropriated for the commons of each student, and two hundred and fifty of the students in the senior classes received in addition an allowance of £20 a year each in money. In order to provide the necessary accommodation for this large increase in the number of students, the act also granted a sum of £30,000 for the extension of the existing buildings and grounds.

On the disestablishment of the Irish Church in 1870, this annual grant of £26,360 to the college was withdrawn; and the trustees received as compensation a sum of £372,331.

The disendowment of the college has not led to any decrease in the number of the students, though the number of free places has been diminished by one half. In the centenary year of its foundation, there were no fewer than six hundred and twenty students in actual residence, which is the highest number the records of the college can show. The trustees of the institution since 1870 are the four archbishops and thirteen of the bishops. Its chief officials consist of a president, a vice-president, three deans, a bursar, and sixteen professors. According to a Parliamentary return published in 1854, the salary of the president since the act of 1845 was £594 12s.; of the vice-president £326 12s. 8d.; of the senior dean, £261; of the three junior deans, £241 each; and the salaries of the professors ranged from £241 up to £264. These salaries were, it will be admitted, low for such positions; but they may have been somewhat reduced after disendowment. Indeed, the stipends of dignitaries of the Catholic Church in Ireland are, as we shall see later, very modest. It is interesting to note in this connection, that down to 1827 the president got only one hundred guineas; the vice-president seventy guineas, and the deans and professors from fifty to seventy guineas per annum. The number of free places now on the public foundation of the college is two hundred and fifty, estimated at £30 a year each, which are divided amongst the twenty-seven dioceses; and in addition to these there are sixty-six other free places in diocesan burses, founded since 1870 by bequests from bishops and priests. Nomination to the free places allotted to each diocese is in the hands of the bishop of the diocese. There is an entrance fee of £4 for all students, and the pension of students not in free places is £30 per annum. A sum varying from £8,000 to £10,000 is yearly received in pensions.

The Irish priests are, as a rule, the sons either of farmers or of shopkeepers. As may be imagined, in so intensely Catholic a country as Ireland it is considered a great social distinction in these classes to have a priest in the family. There is no prouder boast for a parent than to be able to say, "I've a son a priest." One of the pious notions associated with the priesthood is that no man can take holy orders without having "a vocation"—that is, that it can never happen by chance or accident; but is inevitably the result of a divine call or inspiration. In some cases, however, the choice of the calling is made by the parents for their favorite son—"the white-haired boy of the family"—in his early years; but he must be a quiet, retiring, religiously disposed lad, or be fond of study, or must show above his brothers the possession of mental attainments.

Once the selection is made, the parents subordinate almost everything to their grand ambition of giving a son to the service of the Church. The boy gets the best place at the table, the warmest corner by the hearth. He is never asked or expected to soil his hands about the shop or farm, and is regarded by all the family with deep respect, affection, and even reverence. He is first sent to the diocesan college, a scholastic institution found in the chief town of most of the twenty-seven dioceses in Ireland, established by the bishop of the diocese, and conducted principally by priests, and after a few years there, he goes, as a rule, to Maynooth.

No student is received at Maynooth unless he is designed for the home mission (priests for foreign missions being trained at All Hallows College, Dublin), and has a recommendation from his bishop, and is at least sixteen years of age. The full course of studies in the college extends over seven years. The first year is devoted to "rhetoric," as it is called in the college, which includes English, Latin, and Greek; the second and third years are allotted to "philosophy," or mathematics, logic, and metaphysics; and the remaining four years

to "theology," or canon law, and ecclesiastical history. There is a foundation known as "the Dunboyne Establishment" for the maintenance of about a dozen of the most distinguished students, who remain in the college for a period of three years beyond the ordinary course, in order to qualify themselves as doctors of divinity, or for professorships in the college. On an average, sixty students are ordained priests annually, which more than suffices to keep up the strength of about twenty-four hundred the secular priesthood of Ireland.

The college is divided into two houses—the senior house, and the junior house; and the students of the two houses are not allowed to communicate with each other, except by permission of the dean. They take meals together, but at meals conversation is strictly prohibited. During meals, however, a student reads aloud a chapter from the Bible, a few passages from a historical work—Lingard's "History of England" being the favorite volume—followed by some extracts from the Roman Martyrology. With the exception of fifty students in the junior or "rhetoric" class, who sleep in double-bedded rooms, all the students have separate apartments, each being furnished as bed and sitting room. The hour of rising is 6 A.M., and at 10 P.M. all lights are extinguished. The working day is thus divided—nine hours to study and classes, two hours to religious services, and five hours to meals, exercise, and recreation. The exercise consists principally of walking about the extensive grounds of the college. Hand ball seems to be the only outdoor game practised; and all indoor games, such as chess, or draughts, or cards, are prohibited. On Wednesdays, if weather permits, the students take a long country walk together, accompanied by some of the deans or professors, but otherwise they are not allowed outside the grounds, and a breach of this rule is usually punished by expulsion. However, a scandal rarely, if ever, occurs. The moral character of the students is above suspicion.

The reading of the students, apart from their study of the prescribed textbooks of the different courses, seems to be confined to a narrow compass. The college possesses a large library, mainly theological, ecclesiastical, and devotional; but only the students in the theological classes have recourse to it under the supervision of the librarian. The reading of the junior students is mainly devotional. Light literature, such as fiction and poetry, is not, to say the least, encouraged; and newspapers are prohibited. Nevertheless, the students manage to keep themselves acquainted with, at any rate, the varying phases of Irish politics, in which, it is hardly necessary to say, they take the keenest interest.

Life at Maynooth may be pleasant enough to these ecclesiastical students. Few of them break down under it; and one never hears it condemned in after years by the priests who have gone through the ordeal. On the contrary, they invariably regard the *Alma Mater* with the deepest reverence and affection. But, measured by secular standards, the studies seem dry and hard, and run too much in a few narrow grooves; the life laborious and monotonous, the discipline of a too strict and a too rigid character. Estrangement from even the innocent pleasures and recreations of life, during seven of man's most impressionable years, may, in one sense, be the fittest preparation for the celibate ministry of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland; but one cannot help thinking that the priests would be all the better suited for their office if, instead of an almost complete absorption in the spiritual aspect of the ministry, as the courses and the textbooks show, more attention were given at Maynooth to the secular side of life—to the inculcation of civic duties, to the study of sociology, and to arousing in the students an interest in schemes and projects, apart from politics, for the amelioration of the social condition of the Irish people.

The young priest, on leaving Maynooth, is appointed by his bishop to the curacy of some parish of his native

diocese. He is paid by the parish priest a half-yearly stipend, the amount of which depends on the "dues," or the voluntary subscriptions of the congregation collected at Christmas and at Easter, and the dues vary, of course, according as the parish is rich or poor. The stipend, however, is rarely more than £80 a year. In most instances it is as low as £30 or £40. Father Pat, therefore, finds it hard enough to get along in the beginning of his career as a priest, if he has not an allowance from his parents, or if fees such as 5s. or 10s. or £1 for assisting at a wedding or a funeral, do not often come in his way.

His principal duties as curate consist of celebrating mass every morning and twice on Sundays and holidays, hearing confessions on Saturdays and on the eves of holidays, and attending to "sick calls"—or calls to administer the last sacraments to the dying—week about with his fellow-curates. "Confessions" and "sick calls" are the most arduous, unpleasant, and exacting of duties. On Saturdays and on the eves of holidays, he sits most of the day in the confession-box, listening to the sins of penitents, and cleansing them of all stain, by absolution, to fit them to receive the Holy Communion at mass the next morning. The confession-box contains three compartments provided with sliding panels. The priest sits in the centre compartment, and the others are used by the penitents, who await their turns in long rows outside. A priest told me once that three hours in the confession-box is one of the most terrible ordeals, morally and physically, a man can go through. I can well believe him. During the week the curate is on "sick call" duty, he is liable to be aroused out of bed at night and to trudge for miles over a dangerous bog or a bleak country-side, if he is attached to a rural parish; or to plunge into slums and back lanes, if the curate of a parish in a town, in order to give the consolation of religion to a dying soul. It frequently happens that there is no occasion for this sudden, untimely, and most unpleasant summons, for so great

is the dread of the Irish peasant of dying without the ministrations of his priest, that on the first symptom of unwonted illness—on the first sudden and unexpected twinge of a colic—the cry of, "Send for the priest!" is raised in the family circle, and so many a time and oft the poor curate arrives, tired and weary, at his destination, only to find the dying soul he has come to comfort, in the soundest and healthiest of bodies, and without the slightest intention of leaving this best of all possible worlds. Can you blame Father Pat if, under these aggravating circumstances, having come to pray, he remains—well, not to curse, but to give the patient, what is called in Ireland, "a piece of his mind?"

A curate may be removed, and is often removed, by his bishop from one parish to another suddenly, unexpectedly, and without a reason being assigned—"translated," it is called in clerical circles—and he considers himself very lucky if he gets settled in a town. In the cities and towns of Ireland the duties of the "secular" priests—or priests of the diocese—are considerably lightened by the ministrations of "regulars"—members of orders like the Franciscans, Dominicans, Augustinians—who number over five hundred in Ireland, and who, though outside parochial or diocesan jurisdiction, and subject only to their own superiors, relieve the pressure on the curates by saying masses and hearing confessions in their own churches. In addition to this advantage, Father Pat in the town is a favorite in middle-class society, and dines out frequently. In the rural districts, in which the vast majority of the twenty-four hundred priests of Ireland are, of course, stationed, there is little society and less dining out.

The calling of a priest has, like every other calling, its pleasant side and its disagreeable side. But, taking it all in all, Father Pat's life, if narrow and monotonous, is at least leisurely, and if, owing to his vow of celibacy, he is cut off from the pleasures of family life, he is, on the other hand, in a position of greater freedom and less responsibility

as a bachelor. Worldly ambition, too, adds just a little zest to his sacred calling. He may aspire to a bishopric, although, as a rule, the pope prefers to appoint a Maynooth professor or the president of a diocesan college to a vacant see rather than a priest in active parochial service. But there are several prizes in the way of "P.P.-ships" in every diocese, and one of these Father Pat is certain to obtain sooner or later. He naturally strives to secure a parish sooner rather than later. The bishop is the sole dispenser of the patronage of the diocese. The laity have no voice whatever in the appointment to any office in the Church. It is, therefore, essential that a curate should keep on good terms with his bishop, if he desires to improve his worldly prospects. The parish priests are not so dependent as the curates on the caprice, disfavor, or good pleasure of the bishop. A parish priest cannot be deprived of his parish unless for certain violations of the Canon Law. But should he fall under the censure of his bishop for his attitude in matters that do not come within the category of offences against the Canon Law, and should he refuse to make his submission and his peace, his lordship could disturb the serenity and repose of his living by quartering on him an unwelcome and expensive curate.

The incomes of parish priests from the offerings or "dues" of the parishioners at Easter and Christmas and from fees at marriages, baptisms, funerals, etc., vary considerably in amount, even within a diocese. Some parishes are worth only £150 a year; other parishes are worth as much as £600 a year. These figures probably represent the two extremes, though parishes of £150 are far more common than parishes of £600. The average income of a parish priest, exclusive of the allowance to curates, runs from £200 to £300 per annum, which, compared with the stipends of Protestant clergymen, and even with those of Nonconformist ministers, is very small indeed. The "dues" are collected by different modes in rural and in urban districts. In country

parishes, usually, the parish priest, on the Sundays following Easter and Christmas, sits after mass at a table in the chapel with a book containing the names of the parishioners and the amount each contributes, to receive the offerings of his flock. In towns and cities the priests make a house to house collection of the "dues." The amount of the "dues" is, in the case of a farmer, fixed at so much per pound on the valuation of his land. Laborers pay 1s. 6d., artisans or clerks from 2s. 6d. to 5s., according to their wages; small shopkeepers from 10s. to £1; larger shopkeepers and the professional classes between £3 and £5; and the gentry contribute larger sums according to their wealth. The "dues" are in a sense obligatory, for Roman Catholics are bound by the laws of the Church, under pain of excommunication, to contribute to the support of their pastors. But as the "dues" are not as a rule oppressive, they are willingly and cheerfully contributed. In addition to the "dues," the parish priests also receive fees for the discharge of offices at marriages, baptisms, funerals, and for saying mass for any particular object, such as for the repose of a soul, or for a blessing on some secular or religious undertaking. These fees also vary considerably, according to the position of the persons for whom the offices are discharged. A poor person may have a mass said for 5s., while a rich person would pay 10s. or £1. Marriages in humble circles are performed for £1 or £1 10s., and in well-to-do circles for much larger sums arrived at by mutual agreement. In country parishes, where the "fortune" of the bride is known to everybody, the custom is to charge a fee of five per cent. of the dowry. Many parish priests in the country districts also add a little to their incomes by farming operations, such as letting fields to graziers or raising some stock on their own account. In former years, indeed, almost every parish priest was also a big farmer. He tilled his extensive acres largely by the gratuitous labors of his flock, and went to the fairs and markets with the produce, or with his



cattle, sheep, pigs, or horses, and wrangled and higgled with the dealers over five shillings in the price. But priests are not now allowed by the bishops to hold more than twenty acres of land. Out of his income from his parish the parish priest has not only to pay the stipends of his curates, but has also to contribute a certain percentage of the amount to the bishop, for it is from such contributions by the parish priests of his diocese that most of the income of the bishop is derived. Parish priests, therefore, are not men of means. Many of them have but a bare sustenance; and of the vast majority it may be said that they have only sufficient to maintain their position in social life. They have, however, little inducement to acquire means, even where it is possible to do so. They have no families to provide for, and are required to leave to the Church any property they may be possessed of at death. The incomes of the bishops also vary considerably. They run from about £600 in a few poor dioceses in the west of Ireland to about £1,000 in dioceses in the more prosperous south and east. I do not think the incomes of even the Archbishop of Dublin, or of the primate, the Archbishop of Armagh, exceed, if they reach, £1,500 a year. These positions in the Irish Church are at least worth five times that amount.

In social life the priests are hospitable, jolly, and convivial, fond of comic song and merry jest. They all take a most cheerful view of things here and hereafter. They certainly follow the example of their famous prototype Father O'Flynn in not leaving the gaiety all to the laity.

You will also seldom meet with a priest in whose conversation, if religion be the subject, you can trace anything in the nature of cant or pharisaism. They are generally most affable and courteous to strangers, especially to heretical strangers, for though they may not love Protestants in the lump they always well and cordially receive the individual heretic; and having a most sincere tolerance and respect for

all forms of belief, they will never in private circles introduce or even discuss the subject of religion in a controversial spirit. The favorite topic of conversation at a priest's dinner-table is politics, the Nationalist view being supported by the host with more or less vigor. As to Father Pat's hospitality, it may be rude and rough, but there is no mistaking its warm and generous whole-heartedness. The dinner in a country parish invariably consists of a roast turkey, a boiled leg of mutton with turnips, boiled bacon with cabbage, and potatoes served in their jackets. Claret is the wine principally drunk. It is only on very important occasions that champagne makes its appearance, but there is always a plentiful supply of the best Irish whiskey and, if made in the district, of "potheen." Father Pat has, it must be admitted, a liking for whiskey punch after dinner, in judicious moderation, of course, and his only other dissipation is a smoke—always a clay pipe, never a cigarette or a cigar. When a "suspended" or disrobed priest is met with in Ireland—and that very rarely happens—his misfortune is usually to be traced to drunkenness. There is never a lady in the case.

There is little literary activity amongst the priests. The only distinguished literary man which the Irish priesthood has produced during the nineteenth century is the Rev. Francis Mahoney (Father Prout), but the body look upon him rather askance, for he gave up the Church for literature, and is suspected of not having been quite orthodox in his religious views. Besides, he was educated abroad as a Jesuit, the great learned order of the Catholic Church, and therefore does not properly belong to the secular priesthood of Ireland. That body has always numbered between two and three thousand men of more or less culture and of considerable leisure; and yet the literature of Ireland, not to speak of general English literature, is not indebted to them for a single noteworthy contribution. Indeed, only a small fraction of the Irish priests have ever turned

their thoughts to the making of books. They take an interest in historical, antiquarian, and archaeological objects, and the proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy have been enriched by many scholarly papers by priests; but they seem to think that the writing of poetry and fiction—especially fiction—would hardly be consonant with their spiritual calling. Therefore, half-a-dozen volumes of poems and three or four novels represent practically the output of the Irish priesthood in imaginative literature during the century; and these volumes are not generally known even to book-readers in Ireland.

The secular priests are as undistinguished in the pulpit as in literature. It is a curious fact that, notwithstanding the well-deserved reputation of the Irish race for eloquence, there is not one great preacher in the Irish secular priesthood. Hundreds of priests can, of course, deliver impressive sermons; but not one of them enjoys more than a local reputation as a preacher. Father Tom Burke, the great Irish pulpit orator, was not a secular priest, but a Dominican; and it is in the churches of the regular orders, and not in the parochial chapels, that the art of pulpit oratory is cultivated to any extent. In the literature of theology the secular priests are also practically unrepresented. It is perhaps to their credit that, unlike the ministers of other creeds, they have refrained from flooding the market with volumes of indifferent sermons or painful controversial works on religion.

Their acquaintance with current imaginative literature is limited. They do not, as a rule, buy new books. Ireland, as a whole, is not a book-buying or a book-reading country—though in both respects it has wonderfully improved of late, thanks to the propagandist efforts of the Irish Literary Societies of London and Dublin; but the priests, probably, buy fewer current books and read fewer current books than any other class in the same rank of life, such, for instance, as the solicitors and doctors of the rural districts. Many of them have no acquaintance with the

imaginative literature of the day—fiction and poetry—except such as may be derived second-hand from the reviews in Irish newspapers. A novel or a volume of poems must have passed through at least half a century of existence without having raised any question as to its moral tendency, before it is admitted into the unpretentious collection of books—mainly religious—which one sees in the sitting-room of a priest's residence. Their favorite authors are, in poetry, Goldsmith and Thomas Moore, and in fiction, Gerald Griffin, the Banims, and Carleton—all native writers, and from across St. George's Channel, Scott and Dickens. It is a rather limited selection, but then people of simple literary tastes, like the Irish priests, can be supremely happy with it.

It must not by any means be supposed that Father Pat is remiss in his spiritual duties as a priest. There is perhaps no better pastor in the world from the spiritual point of view. The people regard him with mingled feelings of awe and reverence and love. A good deal of this regard is no doubt inspired by superstition—by a dread of the supernatural powers supposed to be possessed by "God's anointed;" but apart from that, Father Pat has secured for himself the warmest corner in the hearts of his flock by his excellent qualities as a spiritual pastor, as a friend when the soul is in need, as a consoler in sickness, distress, and misfortune. Many of the priests may lack social grace and culture; but they are eminently fitted for the spiritual duties which, as pastors, they have to discharge. Fine gentlemen are not needed for the hard and repellent services—as they appear to secular eyes—of the Catholic Church in Ireland. Father Pat's single-minded devotion to the duties of his office, and his keen interest in the spiritual needs of his flock, give him a surer title to the respect and reverence of the people than culture and learning. Besides, he is brought into intimate relations with the people all through life, but especially at its most momentous and sol-

emn occasions. "Soggarth aroon" is the people's term of endearment for Father Pat, and one of the most popular of the peasants' songs asks:—

Who, in the winter's night,  
Soggarth aroon,  
When the cold blast did bite,  
Soggarth aroon,  
Came to my cabin door,  
And on my earthen floor  
Knelt by me, sick and poor,  
Soggarth aroon?

Regarding them as a body, the priests are indeed a very simple-minded, unworldly, and warm-hearted body of men, without craft or guile—though, according to their enemies, who know them not, these are their distinctive qualities—and they pass through their narrow, colorless, and self-sacrificing lives cheerfully and gladly, seeking no reward, so far as this world is concerned, but the esteem and love of their flocks.

The weak point in Father Pat's character as a pastor is the little he does towards improving the social life of the people. He denounces with tremendous force and sincerity the oppressions of the government, and the rackrenting of the local landlord—on both of whom he invariably places the blame, oftentimes most erroneously and most unjustly, for the miserable social condition of his flock; but unhappily there his efforts to improve the temporal lot of the community ends. He has not yet recognized what a powerful factor he might be in brightening the every-day lives of the people. The monotony and dreariness of town, village, and rural life in Ireland is appalling. The strained relations which, owing to unhappy but relentless economic causes, have existed for two centuries between the territorial gentry and the farming class have deprived Ireland of the elevating and beneficent influences of Lady Bountiful and the squire, which are so often visible in humble social life in rural England. There are no endowed village charities for the distribution of blankets, clothing, or food to the needy; no village benefit clubs

for the aid of members in times of trouble, sickness, and death; no village greens for outdoor sports and pastimes; no village halls for concerts, readings, and limelight entertainments during the long winter evenings; no social gatherings or excursions in connection with the Roman Catholic chapels. The priests could, by agencies such as these, impart some color and variety to the dull and dismal social life of the peasantry; but, unfortunately, they seem to think it is no part of their duty, or else they do not know the way, which may, perhaps, be attributed to the narrow compass of their training at Maynooth. Some of them have tried to bring books, principally of a religious character, within reach of their flock through the medium of parish libraries. But, as a rule, there is nothing for the inhabitants of the rural districts to read—in addition to the weekly newspapers from Dublin—except trashy penny publications from London; and no recreation but surreptitious dances for the young, and visits to the wretched shebeens for the elder folk, despite the fulminations of the priests against these practices; while the destitute and the age-worn have no resort but the charity of neighbors almost as poor as themselves, or the dreaded workhouse.

It is often said that the expectations of the imperial government in establishing and endowing a college for the education of the priesthood in Ireland have not been realized. Edmund Burke, who took a keen interest in the project and urged it on the government with all his powers of argument and eloquence, declared that the foundation of Maynooth College would mean "the salvation of Ireland from Jacobinism and anarchy." That glowing hope has, it is said, been woefully disappointed. Mr. Lecky, whose impartiality of judgment as an historian is universally admitted, contends in his "Ireland in the Eighteenth Century," that the Maynooth priests are, in many respects, inferior to the old priests who were educated on the Continent; that they lack the polish and breadth of intellectual view which the training in the

colleges of Europe had lent to the priests of the early years of the century; while other historical writers, lacking, perhaps, the well-balanced mind of Mr. Lecky, have asserted without qualification that, thanks to Maynooth College, the priests are now, and have been for years, as a body, disloyal, Jacobinical, uncultured, and illiberal. Contemporary writers undoubtedly pay high testimony to the character and culture of the old priests. There is no doubt also that during the disturbed and turbulent latter quarter of the eighteenth century, the influence of the priests with the people, so far as it went—and I do not think it went far, certainly to nothing approaching its extent and power in our own days—was, generally speaking, on the side of law and order. Indeed, Wolfe Tone, the greatest and most astute conspirator of the Society of United Irishmen, rejoiced like Edmund Burke, but for entirely different reasons, at the establishment of Maynooth College. In his more accurate and sagacious view, the priests brought back with them from the Continent, not the taint of Jacobinism, but the taint of conservatism, which induced them to set their faces against all agrarian and political movements amongst the people, and made them therefore the most formidable obstacle to the spread of his ideas; and he was convinced that, if they were educated and trained in Ireland, they could not possibly resist the influences of their environment, which, according to Wolfe Tone, make, or rather made, for sedition and revolution.

Unfortunately it is as politicians, or rather as demagogues, that the Irish priests are best known to people outside of Ireland, and in that rôle they appear in anything but an amiable light. In the past, indeed, they were commonly regarded as knavish and designing apostles of sedition and social disorder to an unhappy community, whom with evil intent they kept in a degraded condition of ignorance and superstition. To me, impartially reviewing the history of the Irish priesthood, that opinion seems to have had

little or no foundation upon the doings of the priests themselves, but appears to have been largely inspired by that hatred and fear of the Roman Catholic Church as a theological error and a menace to liberty, which retained for so many years a marvellous hold on the public mind of Great Britain. More tolerant and enlightened feelings towards the Roman Catholic Church now prevail amongst the British people; but the priests are still regarded with some distrust and suspicion owing to the prominent parts they play in political movements in Ireland. This, however, is not to be traced to the influence of Maynooth College. It was Daniel O'Connell who first brought the priests into the political arena during his agitation for Catholic Emancipation a quarter of a century after the foundation of Maynooth. But sooner or later such a contingency was inevitable, Maynooth or no Maynooth. Circumstances political and social would have proved too strong for the conservatism of even the old foreign-educated priests. Sprung from the people, sharing the people's opinions and prejudices, and depending on the people for their support, both the interest and the inclination of the priests naturally induce them to side with the people in every political upheaval, just as similar influences make agitators, also, of the Nonconformist ministers of Wales.

I think that if the truth were really known, it would be found that the priests, as a body, are really in Ireland, as in every other country, a great conservative force, and that they have controlled and checked, rather than inflamed, the excesses of popular agitation. Every priest educated in Maynooth College prior to 1870 took the oath of allegiance publicly in the court-house of Maynooth before the assistant-barristers of the county. That oath has been loyally kept. The priests as a body have always been firm supporters of the British connection. Revolution has been too often associated with the spoliation of the Roman Catholic Church and with deadly enmity to the Roman Catholic religion to be ever

countenanced by the Irish priests. There were two attempts at rebellion against English rule in Ireland, in 1848 and 1869, known respectively as "The Young Ireland Movement" and "The Fenian Movement," before the disendowment of Maynooth. The leaders of both these revolutionary movements attributed their failure to the hostile influence of the priests. This of course is an exaggeration, both of the strength of the movements and the influence of the priests. Neither of the movements was very formidable, and both would have been crushed by the government with the greatest ease, even without the moral support of the priests. But undoubtedly the opinions and sentiments by which those movements were inspired would have disaffected a far larger proportion of the people than they did disaffect, had it not been for the practically unanimous opposition of the priesthood. It may be said, however, that there has been only within the past few years a glaring instance of the unruly tendencies of the Irish priests and of their utter disregard for even the spiritual authority of the pope of Rome. Were not the plan of campaign, boycotting, and other illegal and immoral practices of the recent land agitation strongly condemned in a Rescript specially issued by the pope; and did not the bishops and priests, notwithstanding, continue to identify themselves prominently with the movement? That is quite true. But the Irish bishops who were called to Rome by the pope to explain their conduct and the conduct of their priests, are said to have convinced his Holiness that it was essential, not only to the well-being of Roman Catholicism in Ireland, but to the interest of law, order, and property, that they and their priests should still remain connected with the land movement. It was pointed out to his Holiness, probably, that the agitation was bound to go on, even without the priests; that, if the priests refused to have part or lot in it, the only result would be the weakening of the ties which bound them to the people—a contingency to be avoided in the interest

of the Church; and that, if on the other hand the priests continued to act as the local directors of the agitation, they would be able to keep it within proper bounds. The priests, therefore, remained in the movement, and undoubtedly restrained its excesses. It is true that they have often made an illegitimate use in politics of their spiritual power over the people. But it is also a fact beyond all question that the crimes and outrages, which stained the recent land movement in Ireland, occurred in districts in which the priests, from one cause or another—principally because they refused to identify themselves with the agitation—had lost their influence with the people.

Attempts are also frequently made to give to the Agrarian and Nationalist movements a religious or sectarian complexion; and the fact that on one side of the quarrel are, generally speaking, all the Catholics, and on the other all the Protestants, is quoted as a conclusive argument in its favor. But that fact is only a coincidence. Its explanation is that the masses are Catholic and the classes Protestant. It is to historic and economic causes and not to sectarian animosity, that these movements—whatever else may be said of them—will be ascribed by the impartial historian of the future. The Irish priests have never preached a religious crusade. They are really a tolerant body of clerics. They certainly do not look upon Protestantism with that abhorrence with which Roman Catholicism is regarded by many ministers of Protestant sects. They have a sincere respect for all religious convictions; but as they think, rightly or wrongly, that the ministers of every religion should confine their ministrations to their own congregations, they are most hostile to every missionary effort and to every movement to which even the faintest suspicion of proselytism can be attached. If religious rancor prevails amongst some of the priests to-day it is a survival of the times when Ireland was the great field for the operations of the Evangelical



movement, which had its headquarters in Exeter Hall, and which after the expenditure of vast sums of money, and the sacrifice of much zeal, time, and even life, has not left the slightest impression upon the Catholicism of the mass of people.

The supremacy of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland will indeed never be in the slightest degree shaken, not to say overthrown, by Evangelical missions. That Church amply satisfies the spiritual temperament or religious mood of mind of the Irish people; and its beliefs and doctrines have rooted themselves too deeply into their convictions and affections, ever to be displaced for the doctrines and beliefs of another creed, by the distribution of Bibles and tracts or soup and blankets—the form which Evangelical effort in Ireland commonly takes to-day—or by a revival of the public theological disputes and controversies of former years. The priests do not like these movements, but they do not fear them. What they, like the ministers of every dogmatic creed, fear, is the secularization of education; and hence their efforts, in which they have the authorities of the Irish Church as allies, to bring about (much to Mr. John Morley's perplexity a short time ago) the denominationalization of the National School system. It is probable that under Home Rule the aim of the priests in the matter of primary education—that is, supreme control of the training of the Catholic young—would soon be realized. They would also demand a State-aided Roman Catholic University; and would get it. But the Irish education question settled on these lines—as indeed it may soon be settled by the Imperial Parliament—no fear need, at least, be entertained, whatever else may happen under an Irish Parliament, that the priests would try to impose any disability on any Protestant sect, or confer any privilege on their own Church. They could not, if they would; for, of course, such a law would be in contravention of the provisions of any Home Rule Act, and would, therefore, be void; but I am convinced they would not, even if they could. The

influence of the priests of other countries in politics and religion may be retrogressive, but the temper of mind of the Irish priests in regard to these most vital of human interests is liberal. It most certainly is not reactionary or negative. They are probably the most broad-minded body of Roman Catholic clerics in the world, which is due, in no small degree, to the potent influence for good in many things which, as was inevitable, the close contiguity of a great, liberal, and progressive country like England has exercised on Ireland.

MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.  
THE FORTY DAYS.

It is winter in High Brittany, but winter clad in silver and pearl rather than cloaked in leaden purple flecked with snow, as it too often is at home across the water. For days, and sometimes for weeks, the weather keeps itself at stretch; there is no sun visible in all the shining dome of sky, no touch of gold in the even radiance that fills the air; sky and sea travel to meet each other in a tender haze of grey that, when one looks at it again, is not grey but a shadowy white that glistens and shines in a pale chill splendor. It is the clear colorlessness of water in light. The country is still, too; the woods very void of life, silent and desert; the trees purple in their masses, and variously blotched with orange and green of lichen, moss, and ivy. The fields are bare, in the hedgerows the autumn glow of red hip and haw is gone, and the birds have not begun to build. The touch of spring has not come yet to make the world quick; it is winter, but the farther edge of winter, in High Brittany.

And it is also Lent; that strange season which is now, and here, so full of contradictions, of memories, of the vestiges of dying custom, tradition, and faith, of gaiety and mourning, of habit and of indifference, that there is surely no other time of year that en-

folds so much; no other time of year, perhaps, that has so much to tell, if one care to listen. Lent in Brittany is a quaint and ancient crone, wearing a mask that is half laughter, half tears, and below it the wrinkled face of the past.

Shrove Tuesday has gone by, with its pancakes. In the old days, when fasting was more strictly practised than now, there were the last eggs eaten before the beginning of Lent, as the Easter eggs, gay with many colors, were the first eaten after it was ended. And though this is no longer the case, here, as with us across the water, only perhaps more universally, pancakes are made in every house down to the poorest; and as they are tossed in the pan the mother chants to a rambling fragment of Church music:—

God sends pancakes

To all good children;

May the devil fly away with the bad ones!

While the children about her watch with a solemnity that is twofold, divided between an uneasy recollection of many small sins and a serious joy in pleasures to come, the thin yellow cakes leaping so merrily into the air. But Shrove Tuesday has never been a great day of carnival, or masking, here at Saint-Malo, as it is elsewhere; perhaps because the little town does not lightly give up workdays to frolic. The masks take an airing on the Sunday before, Quinquagesima or *Dimanche-gras*, and come out again in crowds on the Sunday after, Pancake Sunday, as the Malouins call it; and indeed they are to be seen more or less on all the earlier Sundays of Lent up to Passion. But on Shrove Tuesday only a handful of children here and there deck themselves in such gauds as they can come by, with faces blackened with soot or masks cut out of paper, and much contentment, noise, and dirt. In Saint-Malo the shops have hung out pyramids of masks, beards, noses, and grotesque heads; the second-hand booths in the ancient *Ruede Boyer*,—where everything is sold, from sea-

chests and sea-boots to wayside crosses and weather-worn wooden saints—are gaudy with hanging costumes and dominos of every shape and color. On the quays outside the wall the roundabouts have taken up their places, and a dozen small stalls edge the sidewalk; and by these signs one may know that Lent, the time of mourning, is about to begin. And upon Ash Wednesday, if one look close enough, one may see the ashes clinging to the hair of those who return, with the air of having more pressing business elsewhere, from early mass; the ashes, which are all that remain of last year's palms, that have been burnt upon the altar now that the year has come round again to Lent, and sprinkled by the priest upon the heads of the faithful.

But if one go to look for them, there are other signs also that Lent has come once more. In the meat-market, built on the ground where once the White Brotherhood of Saint John had its great soup-kitchen, called literally the Kettle of the Poor, in the meat-market where last week was a thronging crowd and stalls hung round with joints, or piled high with poultry, is now emptiness; there is only a knot of women at the far end about the butter-counter, who speak in spite of themselves with lowered voices. The crowd has moved on across the town, through the twilight of morning in the narrow streets and sudden splashes of inlet sunshine, to the fish-market; and there is noise enough and to spare, a continuous Babel of sound in which, surely, there is every possible note of the human voice, a rushing, rising whirl of speech and laughter that is as ceaseless and as indefinable as the sea. All Saint-Malo is here, or has been, or will be here to-day; all Saint-Malo is bargaining, buying, gossiping, and quarrelling at the pitch of all its voices, in a dense, struggling, importunate mass. It is Lent, and one must eat *maigre*; and fish, it too frequently happens, is neither plentiful nor cheap, and is not to be bought without a world of argument over the last *sou*. For on the one side there is Paris with her gaping mouth

to be filled, and on the other the sea, churned by the north-westerly winds of winter round the uncountable rocks, and treacherous with sudden storm and fog.

It is worth while on a market-day in Lent to spend an hour in the Place de la Poissonnerie. Here is more to be seen of the life of Saint-Malo and the Clos-Poulet than anywhere else. Here are the people of the town, the ladies above and the ladies below, as an old song calls them, alluding to those who live in the upper flats and who, if not too high up, represent the richer *bourgeoisie*; and those who live below, on the ground floor, that is in the shops. Here are the servants from Dinard and from Paramé, in white caps and aprons, with their big baskets; here are peasants from all the country-side, in the strange varying caps of their districts, and their winter cloaks, strange also, back-aprons as they call them, hanging wide and short and loose from a straight band tied about their shoulders. Here are men in blouses of every shade, from purple to white, or of black, or pink, curiously embroidered in colors; they wear high boots, and some, if it be cold enough, have short, shapeless coats of goatskin, brown or black or a grizzled yellow. Here are fish-sellers from Saint-Jacut, large-faced, simple, very broad in speech and quaint in habit; they make the sign of the cross over their fish as they sell them, for is it not Lent? And there are others from Cancale; tall, handsome, bold-eyed women, full-colored and loose-lipped, with their coquettish caps poised on their shining black hair which is combed curiously into ridge and furrow over their brows; hot-tempered and muscular, as ready to fight as to flatter, and with an odd wheedling grace of glance and accent that changes on the least provocation to ferocity. They are sometimes, in their way, very splendid creatures; but on looking at them one understands the old Malouin saying, "When you bargain with a Cancalese, have a good lock on your door."

Round about the central fish-market,

on the narrow pavement, there are baskets in an endless row, baskets of cockles, mussels, and whelks; of periwinkles, the old Lenten food of Saint-Malo, so popular that the spring fair was called after them, and they have a fairy-tale all their own which Malouin mothers still tell their children; of sardines, fresh and salt, of langons, a kind of sand-eel, and of crabs, which are not quite such as one usually sees in England, but of two sorts, the one spiny and the other growing a crop of black hair. And if in Lent one buys crabs one must make a difference between these two; the spiny ones must have the sign of the cross made over them, but the hairy ones must be spat upon. And if you would know why this is so, and why there are no sardines on the Emerald coast, and why the sand-eels are called little lances, there are plenty of old peasant-women able and ready to explain, and to tell many other stories, too,—true stories all of them, "as true as it is Lent," as they will wind up. And the bells of the single steeple overhead ring out incessantly for one service after another; and the curé's housekeeper hurries off homewards with the best fish in her basket, for who should have the best, if not the curé? And as the creels grow empty the fish-sellers once more make the sign of the cross over them, and say to each other contentedly that it is a "good Lent."

But if, according to the Church, this is a time of fasting, it is also, and has been for more years than one can count, a season of gaiety, when the masks come out and the streets and quays of the grey town are motley with a fantastic crowd. Unlike most other places, where carnival is riotous from Quinquagesima to Shrove Tuesday and re-appears for a single day at Mid-Lent, here at Saint-Malo Pancake Sunday, or the First Sunday in Lent, has always been the chiefest day for merriment and masking. The roundabouts are thronged with gaudy dominos; the lottery-booths are surrounded with men and women in false heads and extraordinary disguise; and

through the ancient gates of the town there is a continual coming and going of priest and punchinello citizen and peasant, a long, changing, many-colored stream that has yet been for centuries the same. But it is rather within the walls, in the narrow winding streets, that one looks most kindly upon the carnival; as when, on one of these silver days of winter, a pale sunlight gilds the later afternoon and glances along the ancient Rue du Boyer. In the wide black archways the old-clothes' shops hang out fantastic garments for hire, yellow, red, or blue; across the narrow way, outside an arched and grated window, is a pile of masks and heads, hideous, grotesque, impossibly ruddy or lividly white, a heap of crude staring color; in the street, which is barely wide enough to be called a street, is a gay crowd laughing, struggling, screaming, singing, clowns and jesters in gaudy red and green, tall black seminarists, soldiers, sailors, peasants in blouses, white caps from all the country-side; and ever as a background the tottering houses on either side, which have looked down on such a sight year after year for three centuries. Scraps of the "Marseillaise" or of the latest ditty from Paris hum through the air. The bells ring for vespers; and the blue Sisters, with their huge white flapping *coiffes*, convoy long files of the quaintly gowned town-orphans on their way to church.

The earlier Sundays of Lent had formerly their special customs and ceremonies, which have only of recent years fallen into disuse. Shooting the goose and shooting at the *papageai* were always Lenten sports, while running at the Quintain took place variously at Mid-Lent or on Easter Monday. On Pancake Sunday, till some twenty years ago, all Saint-Malo went out to the great beach to shoot the goose. In old times the bird was tethered alive by its head to a pole or peg fixed in the sand, and became the property of the man skilful enough to free it by severing its neck, which seldom happened till it had been quieted by successive wounds. If the

winner was a poor man, he received along with the goose a few silver *sois*, which were called a Lenten gift; if rich, he was expected to give the town a sum to be divided among the sick or the needy. In more recent times, and till the sport fell into abeyance, the goose was a dead one, hung by its neck from a tall pole, and the Lenten gift had become a pitcher of cider, which the winner in return was expected to offer also to the other competitors. The game is very ancient, even more ancient than its fellow, the *papageai*, which was introduced to Saint-Malo by the good Duchess Anne herself, but which, for all her patronage, never became so dear to the people as their own goose-shooting. And yet the *papageai* was a popular sport, and perhaps a more courtly one; and early in the fifteenth century it was no empty honor, during the first fortnight of Lent, to be king of the *Papageai* and decorated as such by the duchess herself. The *papageai* was generally a pigeon roughly carved in wood and set up on the highest tower of the castle; and he who shot it away needed considerable skill, whether he used bow or arrow, as in the early days, or later a clumsy gun resting upon a high stand. Not only was the king decorated by the duchess with a silver chain from which hung medals of all the former kings of the *Papageai*, but he received also from the town an allowance during his year of royalty, which varied at different times from £60 to £100, a very considerable sum in those days so that, one may repeat again, it was no empty honor some four hundred years ago to become king of the *Papageai* on Pancake Sunday. As to the quintain, it too is an ancient Lenten or Easter sport at Saint-Malo, where for centuries it was represented by a mannikin dressed as an English soldier; and indeed, though in less picturesque form, it is popular still, but it is removed to the national holiday in July, and has no longer a share in the Easter merry-makings.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The custom of shooting at the *papageai* was not peculiar to Saint-Malo. Perhaps it was one

Another ancient game proper to the Third Sunday in Lent was the *soule*, which is said to date back to a period beyond the Christian era. However that may be, the *soule* was played everywhere, though less at Saint-Malo than in the country around, at this season of the year; and there seems reason to believe that the game had a certain religious character. The youngest bridegroom of the parish offered a garlanded *soule* (an inflated leather ball) to the church on the Third Sunday of Lent; and after it had lain during High Mass upon the altar, and had been specially blessed, it was given back to the parish for the traditional game. One remembers in this connection the Shrove-tide football so common in England; and the *soule* seems undoubtedly to have been closely akin to it. Its special peculiarity was that the game was originally played only, as it seems, on religious fasts and festivals, on the Third Sunday in Lent, on Saint John's Day, sometimes on the Fête-Dieu (Corpus Christi), when it always received a preliminary benediction at the altar; while its sole temporal use appears to have been as a traditional gift at Easter to the feudal lord of the district.

And Lent, the mourning season of the Church, is not only in High Brittany a time of gaiety, but also a time of much business. It is the season of fairs, and if fairs are a fine occasion for merry-making they always begin in a seriously commercial way. It is only after one has sold one's cows, shorn one's sheep, got rid of the cartful of little pink pigs or the sacks of corn or bundles of long slim fruit-trees,—only after an infinity of bargaining, wrangling and drinking (for no sale holds good till one has drunk upon it)—that one is ready to amuse oneself; which is so true that,

of the many importations which the French alliance brought into Scotland. Our readers will remember with what ceremony Lady Margaret Bellenden went to attend the Festival of the Popinjay in the county of Lanark on a May morning in the year 1679, and of the shock her pride received at the discomfiture of Goose Gibbie. Sir Walter says that the custom prevailed in Ayrshire down to his own time.

though a fair may begin at six in the morning, it is only towards noon, when business slackens, that the shows and roundabouts open in a leisurely way. From the first week in Lent the fairs begin in a long succession; without going far afield, one could find one for each of the Forty Days, even, as at Croisty, for Good Friday; and the famous fair of Dinan, called the Liège, runs through nearly the whole of Lent up to Palm Sunday.

At Saint-Malo itself the Saint-Ouine, as it is named, is held on the Sunday before Passion, though there is not much now remaining of the great spring assembly which has a history of its own during the centuries that it has existed. It has travelled in its time, the Saint-Ouine. It was once held within the walls, when it was called the Periwinkle Fair from the bowlfuls of periwinkles that were sold at it, or sometimes the Whistle Fair, because, it seems, of the innumerable whistles and trumpets and horns which children bought there four hundred years ago as they still buy them to-day; but it was turned out after the great fire in the sixteenth century, which burned half Saint-Malo to the ground. Then it betook itself to the island of the Grand Bey, where was then a chapel dedicated to Saint Ouen, or, as he was called by the people, Saint Ouine, about which the fair was held, and where the wives of Saint-Malo sailors prayed for fair winds to bring their men home, turning the chapel cross towards the quarter whence the wind should come, so that the saying arose, "As changeable as the cross of Saint-Ouine." Lastly, and not till the middle of this century, long after the last ruins of the chapel on the Grand Bey had been swept away or overgrown, the Saint-Ouine was transferred again to the broad quays outside the town, where it is now held every year on the Sunday before Passion. But its importance has gone from it, and even compared with its neighbors it is a poor thing indeed; from its ancestor, the great Whistle Fair, it has only inherited one quality, and that is noise.



They are all the same, these fairs or assemblies, in their degree; roundabouts, lotteries, innumerable varieties of gaming-tables, shooting-booths, and phonographs; small shows of inconceivable squalor where women, thin, unwashed, and half-starved, shiver in a hideous undress; tumblers, cheap-jacks; huge quaint baskets of the very ancient cakes of High Brittany, the *cracquelins*, and the *fouaces*, buckwheat cakes made not too cleanly on girdles over charcoal stoves, pans of steaming sausages; one does not fast nowadays with conviction. And in the midst of the noise, the crowding, the shooting, the gambling, the din of drums and cymbals and the braying of mechanical organs, there may be at the larger fairs such a show as the Passion, which is, according to its advertisement, "warmly recommended by the cardinal-archbishop;" and where the Passion of Christ is given in living pictures, and the audience, with a sprinkling of priests in it, looks on with a quiet and pleased attention, as far distant from indifference as from devotion. They do not applaud, neither do they criticise; they observe it with the same placid approval that they give to the crèche in their own church at Christmas; and one comes away presently with a memory of Roman soldiers, of Pontius Pilate on his high seat, of a pale, slender Mary in blue and white, and of a central Figure; wondering that a thing that cannot be well done is done so little ill.

But already the gay days of Lent are over and it is the eve of Passion. To-night before Vespers in every church the crucifixes and the figures of saints will be covered with long purple draperies. And, if one asks of the people why this is so, one is told with intense conviction that the saints are all dead between Passion and Easter, because *le bon Dieu* himself died then. There is a certain impressiveness about the hanging veils of purple beneath which the statues are dimly outlined in a strangely human fashion; a certain solemnity in the absence of glitter and color, save that of mourning, in these

churches that are usually so full of rich and vivid brightness. There is a dramatic touch about it that calls to mind the old and close connection between religion and the drama in the days when, for instance, a company of authors and actors took to themselves the name of the Brotherhood of the Passion, and received from Charles the Sixth of France the exclusive right of playing sacred pieces in theatres or churches about the country. And long after this right had been rescinded the plays, in perhaps a simpler form, lingered among the people, lingered almost till to-day, if indeed in the by-ways of High or Low Brittany they do not still exist. At the village near Nantes called the Bourg de Batz the Passion was played regularly, under the name of the "Tragedy," till some eighteen or twenty years ago; it was given in a disused chapel, and the priests of the parish, with the mace-bearer, the singing-men and the servers, attended in cassock and surplice. At many other places similar plays were popular during the first half of this century; and at a chapel near Saint-Servan, barely four miles from Saint-Malo, they are said to have been very finely presented no more than thirty years ago. But probably, if the Passion plays still exist anywhere, it will be in the form of corrupt and almost incoherent dialogues chanted by children who scarcely know what they are saying; as, in their season, the Christmas dramas have sunk into an unintelligible formula. But in Brittany another custom existed alongside with the Miracle-play, and it has proved more long-lived. It was usual till very recently, even in Saint-Malo, to sing songs of the Passion from door to door as in England carols are sung at Christmas; and if the Pastoral or the Complaint, as it was called, has died out in the town, it is still alive, though dying fast, in the country. Here is one of these Complaints that was sung till a few years ago in the district; it is incomplete, but none of these songs are now more than fragments. This one, it is believed, has never been published, and it is rare to

find one so coherent and so long; but a translation unfortunately gives little of its quaint uncouth charm, or of the pathos of the refrain:—

We have come into your courts  
Praises for to sing:  
The Passion of sweet Jesus,  
Dear God, but it was great!

Jesus Christ did penitence,  
Penitence for our sin.  
The Passion, etc.

Forty days and forty nights  
He took no meat;  
The Passion, etc.

And at the end of the forty  
So little would he eat;  
The Passion, etc.

A little bread, a little wine,  
An orange,—no more.  
The Passion, etc.

Jesus Christ did not eat all,  
He gave some to his Angels four;  
The Passion, etc.

To Saint Peter and Saint Paul,  
And Saint Michael with his sword.  
The Passion, etc.

You will see on the Cross of Sorrow  
The suffering of our Lord.  
The Passion, etc.

You will see his dear arms  
On the Cross spread wide;  
The Passion, etc.

You will see his dear feet  
Nailed side by side;  
The Passion, etc.

You will see his dear head  
Crowned with white thorn;  
The Passion, etc.

You will see his bleeding side  
By the cruel lance torn.  
The Passion, etc.

You will see the little birds  
Dying upon the tree;  
The Passion, etc.

Higher than the mountains  
Will rise the angry sea . . .  
The Passion of sweet Jesus,  
Dear God, but it was great!

When Palm Sunday comes High Brittany is at its devoutest. One takes to church a sprig of box or of laurel (the conventional palm) to have it blessed; and it is carried home again to be put in its place in front of the plaster Virgin, that is certainly above the fireplace or somewhere against the wall, till next Ash Wednesday comes round; when, as has been said before, it is burned upon the altar by the priest who presently "gives the ashes." Formerly sprigs of palm were stuck in the earth of garden or field to ensure fertility; but this, with much else that is quaint and graceful, has long died out. There is little now that is curious or particular in Holy Week. In the days when Saint-Malo was a cathedral town, and its Chapter as rich as it was haughty, it was the custom for the senior canon to go in state to the Croix du Fief, or Bishop's Cross, where all Church proclamations were made, when the midday *angelus* was sounding on Holy Wednesday. As soon as the bells had ceased, the canon, surrounded by his chaplain, his acolyte, and his four mace-bearers, read out the order of the Bishop and Chapter, that "all unclean Jews and other pagans should quit the town, under pain of the goad and whip, before the first sound of the evening *angelus*," with forbiddance of return before Easter Wednesday at midday, so that during the holy time of Easter the town should not be "made vile and foul" by their presence within it. It may be added that it was not till so recently as 1708 that Saint-Malo, in taking in a new piece of ground, permitted the Jews to build themselves a quarter from which henceforward they were not turned out even during Holy Week. On this same day also, Holy Wednesday, at the office of the Ténèbres, a curious custom existed till the Revolution swept it away with so much else that was better worth preserving. At that passage in the Scriptures, read at this service, where mention is made of a great noise, not only did the priests overturn their stools, but the congregation (who had

gone prepared) made a hideous din by rattling iron pots, metal bars, or anything else of the sort; which was, as a historian of the town quaintly observes, "a means whereby the faithful were encouraged to take part in the service."

On Good Friday (when, by the way, a special service is said and not a mass, because, as the people explain, the *bon Dieu* is dead) it was till quite recently the invariable rule that women should go to church with the wings of their caps unstarched and hanging loose on their shoulders, in sign of mourning, as is still done in the country, and as widows wear them during the earliest days of their widowhood. And on this same day there is still no man so profane and impious as to stir or disturb the ground with any sort of tool; there are even many who will not do such work throughout Holy Week; and on this "grievous day" it is quite certain that if touched the earth would open, groaning, in a bottomless gulf, and that all sorts of misfortune would follow. On Good Friday also, as all good Malouin children believe and know, the church-bells have flown to Rome, to be blessed by the pope himself; and when they begin to ring again on Easter Eve one says with joy, "Ah, they have come safe home again!" One says it with joy, for when they come back from Rome their great metal skirts are full of beautiful eggs, red and green and yellow, that taste like no other eggs in the world; the eggs that in older times were carried to church on Easter Day to be blessed at high mass by the priest.

And already in the corners of the country they are singing from door to door, as once they did here in Saint-Malo, the Easter Pastoral, the *Allelujah*, the Song of the Eggs:—

I've a little bird in my breast,  
Not long has left the nest:  
So sweetly sings,  
So sweetly rings,  
*Allelujah!*

It is not very intelligible, but it serves its purpose; from house to house the

sound of *Allelujah* is carried gaily, and from house to house the eggs are gathered in payment, till one's basket is full; for at Easter all the world is generous in High Brittany.

But Lent is over, the Forty Days are done; and with them winter has gone, and spring sits in the woods and the fields in all her bravery of primrose and green. The great festival of religion is the festival of spring, and winter is over. *Allelujah!*

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From The Nineteenth Century.  
SIR ROBERT PEELE.

BY GEORGE PEELE.

It is just fifty years since the Corn Laws were repealed. Sir Robert Peel, the author of that great reform, must always be remembered in the Conservative party, which he founded, in the city of London, which lives under the laws of his making, and in the country whose finances he established, whose police he organized, whose penal code he mitigated, and to which he gave the gift of sound money and of cheap bread. In the days of Mr. Burke no one cared for Lord Bolingbroke, and who cares for Mr. Canning to-day? But with Sir Robert Peel it is otherwise; his actions have entered into the living structure of our commonwealth, his opinions are still cogent in existing controversies, and still as each succeeding session of Parliament is opened there may be some to wish that the author of the Bank Acts and of the repeal of the Corn Laws were in his place that day:—

Tuque tuis armis, nos te, poteremur,  
Achille.

But his memory will live not only because his life was useful, but also because it was dramatic. On the stage of the classics the scene would rise upon some monarch, *Œdipus* or *Agamemnon* in the plenitude of honor and greatness, immovably strong; and next would display him fallen by some strange and sudden metamorphosis, fallen forever from glory and power by the stern

revolution of fate. So do we see Sir Robert Peel crowned at length with supreme authority, honored with the hopes and confidence of the people, so firmly established that it is supposed in the Cabinets of Europe that his tenure of office can end only with his life; and then that rainy summer of 1845, and that spoilt potato crop, and the decision, after a long agony, to repeal the tax on food, and the party that will not follow, and the furious revolt, and the disastrous fall from power.

But he has this claim also upon the attention, or perhaps the affection, of succeeding times, that on behalf of the people of this country he suffered deeply for the sake of what he believed to be right and true. It is easily and lightly said that he was one who changed his mind upon the question of the Currency, of the Catholics, and of the Corn Laws; it is easily and lightly said, but the trial was hard and heavy for him who made it. For one who is upright it is difficult to change, because he respects and honors himself; and for a great man it is also difficult, because with him others must alter also, because important interests must lose in him their support and pivot, and because he must too often advance to pull down the pillars of the very temple which has hitherto been his own appointed shrine. The Duke of Wellington told a friend that he had never seen such human agony as in Peel watching the progress of the famine in Ireland, and meditating the abolition of the tax on corn. Such suffering in the public service may be held to canonize a statesman.

If, then, for these reasons he is not unworthy of remembrance, is it not good to remember him, this being the tribute which such men may claim at the hands of posterity, and which it is meet for posterity to pay? He made that claim in his last words as minister in the House of Commons: "It may be that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of goodwill in the abodes of those whose lot it is to labor and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow." Let me then, venture to justify that wish, and,

as far as lies in one individual, forward the fulfilment of it.

Why was it that at the age of twenty-four, in the year 1812, Robert Peel became chief secretary for Ireland? The causes lie partly in the history of his family, partly in his own native talents, and partly in the history of this country. It had been his grandfather who in the early years of George the Third had founded the family fortunes. That ancestor forestalled the future and initiated the greatness of Lancashire; in other words, he mortgaged his landed estates and turned the money thus raised into the cotton industry. It was an excellent speculation, and wealth followed. His son, the first Sir Robert, by the creation of Pitt, followed his example, had the wisdom to adopt, as they appeared, the new inventions of Arkwright and Hargreaves, bought Drayton Manor in Staffordshire, and entered Parliament as member for the adjacent borough of Tamworth. But, above all things else, he formed the strange resolution to create a statesman, and he literally succeeded. On the birth of his son Robert he solemnly devoted him to his country, trained him as assiduously as Chatham had trained Pitt, bought him a seat in Parliament at the earliest possible date, gravely allowed it to be known that this was the young man of the future, and, dying in 1830, yet lived to see this son head of the Tory party, and to all intents and purposes prime minister of England. Such, tersely put, is the early history of that family; they founded an industry and then deliberately proceeded to found a statesman. I should have been inclined to say, on general grounds, that the former was the more useful achievement, did not I recall to mind that the statesman repaid to industry all, and more than all, that he had drawn from it in securing by a series of unparalleled measures the industrial freedom, and therefore the industrial greatness, of England.

The son by a happy fortune responded to the resolution of the father. Every one remarked his talents; upon this point Byron, his school friend, agreed

with Dr. Drury, the head master. Those talents bore no trace of audacious originality or of dangerous brilliancy, but ran in the sober course marked for them by the routine of Harrow and of Oxford. Though his health was good, and his humor pleasant and even gay, his spirits were not high, and his thoughts tended within. How could it be otherwise when such hopes hung upon him, when the pleasures of boyhood must have seemed at best distractions from the real business of life, and when even now he must be anxious in the formation of habits to lay foundations which would resist the wear and tear of office, and would give him mastery over the plausible logic of the House of Commons? Thus he entered upon public life like an actor whom the audience awaits. Finally, his rapid rise was due also to the fact that he was a Tory. I shall venture to say that four main causes explain, and perhaps justify, that long and practically unbroken period of Tory rule from 1784 to 1830. To begin with, there was Pitt. Pitt was beyond all question the most enlightened statesman of his age; he understood commerce and finance, and, besides this, in an age of political corruption he was pure. It is scarcely disputable that from his accession to power the Tory party, led by him, were more enlightened than the Whigs, under the leadership of Fox. The second cause was the reaction against French revolutionary principles, and the third was the reaction against English revolutionary practices as they displayed themselves after the termination of the great war. The fourth cause is less well known, but is decidedly remarkable. About the year 1822 the Tory party underwent a transformation; Lord Liverpool still remained prime minister, but the whole character of the administration was changed and liberalized by the accession of Canning, Peel, and Huskisson to three of the most important posts in the government. These men gave a new lease of life to Toryism, and in their hands it regained something of the lustre and distinction of the days of Pitt.

It is in that period between the death of Pitt and 1822, that period so bright in our external and so dark in our internal history, that Peel's political life began, in the heyday, or perhaps the midnight, of Toryism. But on the whole he was singularly fortunate; it is true that he walked at first as one between cliffs rising upon either side above him to exclude or to narrow the day, but then he had the advantage of entering a party which for twenty years was to rule England and was to confer upon him out of that twenty no less than sixteen years of official life. It was in these manifold circumstances that, on the assassination of Perceval in 1812, Lord Liverpool, the new prime minister made the young man chief secretary for Ireland.

It was that hour in Irish history when the star of Grattan was waning before the ascendent influence of O'Connell. That permutation of the planets contained no portent, but was in the natural order of things. Both were orators and both were patriots, but the one was old and the other young; the one had stood by the cradle of the Irish Parliament, and, in his own phrase, had followed its hearse; but the other had a voice fitted less for parliaments than for peoples, for Clontarf or for the Hill of Tara rather than for College Green, the most consummate of the demagogues of our democracy. Yet both alike, however various in character and influence, directed their extraordinary powers to one point, the emancipation of the Catholics, Grattan at the head of that brilliant band of Parliamentary orators which comprised Brougham, Plunket, and Canning, and O'Connell at the head of that portion of Ireland which was resolute to wring from England the boon that had been so long delayed. As Pitt had to face the coalition of Fox and North, and to hold his own against the most puissant orators of his day, so had Peel to face Canning and Brougham, the Tory and the Liberal, on this point combined against him, in the administration of Ireland, O'Connell himself. I remember being told by the late Sir William



Gregory that Sir Robert Peel offered him when a young man the conduct of Irish business in the House of Commons, and that when he replied that he could not support so difficult a position the prime minister smiled and said, "Oh, but there is Sir James Graham, the home secretary; when you are frightened, you shall run under his shield and find protection, like Ajax in the battle of Homer." Perhaps Sir Robert smiled to remember his own youthful experience of the office, and the Goliaths whom he had gone forth to combat unaided and alone.

It was then, to borrow the phrase originally applied by Macaulay to Mr. Gladstone, as a stern, unbending Tory that Peel rose into eminence. And this suggests a comparison between the two statesmen whose political lives, taken together, extended from 1809 to 1894, and who will perhaps in future ages be regarded as the two supreme representatives of the political England of the nineteenth century. Both began as Tories and ended otherwise, thus contradicting alike the normal law of human character, and both alike broke up a great political party when it refused to be the instrument of their imperious will. Both as life advanced seemed to grow more young, and to become more definitely the scions of their own epoch. It was not that they were original in thought so much as that they were marvellous in assimilating the thoughts of others. The greatness of each was founded upon laborious knowledge and conscientious mastery of detail, and upon a serious and high enthusiasm for the functions and duties of statesmanship. Yet they differed widely from one another; it was the achievement of Sir Robert Peel to change Tory into Conservative England, and to deliver our politics from those dangers of a reactionary party which have been the bane and curse of other Parliaments. Slowly, with infinite care and caution, he led and educated his followers until bigotry was vanquished and sound finance was understood by those who had applauded Eldon and had voted the budgets of Vansittart. The character of

the man grew into harmony with the necessities of his case; placed in a solitary position between the Whigs, his natural enemies, and the Tories, his unnatural friends, he became cold because he could not sympathize and reticent because it would have been fatal to expand, and strove to conceal beneath halting phrases and manifold reservations his natural instincts for reform. The fate and fortunes of the younger statesman in this respect have been exactly opposite. His mission in history cannot be tersely stated; perhaps it was to give form and expression to those diverse energies and aspirations which flooded Europe in 1848, and which now to all seeming have been exhausted in the change and lapse of years. Backed by devoted followers, he had every motive to display those convictions which Sir Robert had every motive to conceal. Hence his oceanic sympathies and burning oratory, his universal fervor and innumerable enthusiasms. It is Ireland and Homer, Armenia and Horace, Dante and the Budget, Bulgaria and the Book of Psalms. To decide who was the greater of the two would be invidious, but was not the elder the more finished statesman, because the younger was a statesman and something more?

Sir Robert gave his whole undivided attention to statesmanship, and succeeded accordingly in all that he undertook, actually repealing the Corn Laws on the very day on which he fell from power. The two main objects of the other were to repeal the income tax and to settle the Irish question; yet neither of these can be placed in the catalogue of his achievements. There is a story that one morning at Drayton Sir Robert Peel received Mr. Gladstone's book on Church and State; he opened and glanced at the pages, and then as he put it aside was heard to say, "That young man will ruin a fine career if he writes such books as these." There was a good deal in the observation; it marks the difference between two great characters.

In 1818 Peel resigned the Irish office, and remained a private member until

1822, when he became home secretary, holding this post until the retirement of Lord Liverpool in 1827 from the premiership. On that occasion a peculiar crisis occurred. Up till 1801 the Tory party had remained united under Pitt, but from that date up to its destruction in 1830 it contained two rival sections within itself. The question that formed the principle of difference was the Catholic question; Addington, and then Perceval, and subsequently Peel were in the House of Commons the successive leaders against the Catholics, while Pitt, and after his death Canning, commanded the opposite side. It was the peculiar tact of Lord Liverpool which enabled him to govern for a period of fifteen years a party thus divided against itself, but when he retired there was none to take his place; George the Fourth had to make his choice, and, after much hesitation, the son of an actress became prime minister of England. George Canning—for it was he—possessed all the wit that his Irish birth and all the theatrical talent that his mother could supply. He was a man of literature, the close friend of Scott, the founder also and supporter of the *Microcosm*, the *Anti-Jacobin*, and the *Quarterly Review*, and shared all the vanity and sensitiveness of the literary character. From the death of Fox in 1806 he was the favorite of the House of Commons, and was said to rule that assembly as Alexander ruled Bucephalus. If I were to compare the two orators, I should quote and contrast a sentence from each. "Liberty is order, liberty is strength" has all the repetition and directness of Fox. "I called a new world into being, to redress the balance of the old" has all the rhetoric and rhythm of Canning. But the new prime minister was not only brilliant, but had achieved great things. It was he who, in the Ministry of Portland, had planned the seizure of the Danish fleet, thus fulfilling the work that Trafalgar had begun; it was he who had steadily supported Wellington through the Peninsular campaign; it was he who, as foreign minister from 1822, had thrown

all the weight of English influence into the cause of European freedom. Nor did his mind disdain or fail to cope with the driest details of finance. He was a master of the question of currency, as became the friend of Lord Liverpool, and was anxious for free trade and the relaxation of the corn law. These were his merits and virtues; his faults were an unbridled sarcasm and a passion for intrigue.

But though the high Tories under Peel and Wellington remained out of office, they had not to wait long; Canning died, and early in 1828 Peel returned to the Home Office, becoming for the first time leader of the House of Commons. It was a moment of triumph, but it was the triumph of a moment and no more. As the traveller on the American pampas stands aghast to see the horizon fill with the glow of fire, so did the west start into flame before the eyes of the ministry, in a conflagration lit by the hand of the incendiary O'Connell. For nearly a generation O'Connell had, in his own phrase, been "a professed agitator" in the Catholic cause, and had endured every sort of failure, arising now from his own vehemence, now from the royal obstinacy, now from the House of Lords, now from the Church of Rome, now from the apathy of England, and now from the indifference of Ireland itself. But all his miscalculations were redeemed by two strokes of practical genius; he had for the first time brought the priesthood as an organized body into Irish politics, and he had established the Catholic rent, a measure which gave to the peasantry a direct and practical interest in the success of emancipation. He now stood and was returned for Parliament, although as a Catholic he was incapacitated from taking his seat. It was an act of defiance; nay, rather it was a signal for rebellion, and the ministry resolved to yield. Thus there was an impressive scene that evening of the 5th of March, 1828, in the House of Commons. There might be Whigs who were jealous that the triumph of the Catholics was not a triumph for them, and there might be Tories embittered

tered at the treachery of ministers; but that such feelings were the prevalent emotions of the assembly can only be thought by those who do not know the House of Commons. As the member in charge of the measure of emancipation moved from point to point in his elaborate exposition, enthusiastic cheering broke from the audience, for they felt that it was conceived in a broad and generous spirit, and that the goal of an endless controversy which had lasted for centuries was touched at last. And who was he who stood there before them all? It was not a Whig: "The credit belongs to others and not to me. It belongs to Mr. Fox, to Mr. Grattan, to Mr. Plunket, to the gentlemen opposite, and to an illustrious and right honorable friend of mine who is now no more." It was not a private member: "I rise as a minister of the king, and sustained by the just authority which belongs to that character, to vindicate the advice given to his Majesty by an united Cabinet."

It was a statesman guided by public spirit as by a pillar of fire in the wilderness: "I will act unchanged by the scurrility of abuse, by the expression of opposite opinions, however vehement or however general; unchanged by the deprivation of political confidence, or by the heavier sacrifice of private friendships and affections. Looking back upon the past, surveying the present, and forejudging the prospects of the future, again I declare that the time has at length arrived when this question must be adjusted." It was an orator on the theme of spiritual freedom: "We have removed, with our hands, the seal from the vessel in which a mighty spirit was enclosed; but it will not, like the genius in the fable, return within its narrow confines, to gratify our curiosity, and enable us to cast it back into the obscurity from which we evoked it." It was Peel.

When the first reformed Parliament assembled in 1833, it was seen that the Tory party had disappeared. Yet it was generally acknowledged that Peel, the surviving leader of a nameless remnant, was the leading man in the

assembly. The great aim of his life had been hitherto to maintain the oligarchic constitution, and to justify its existence by carrying an extensive programme, as we should now term it, of social measures, such as the reform of the penal code, of the judicature, of the police, and of the currency. Thus by a strange fortune the man who was the first of our statesmen to deal with social problems was also a decided opponent of constitutional reform; for to reform the House of Commons was to degrade it into a body of delegates, and that was detestable to all his soul. It is, indeed, a remarkable fact that Sir Robert Peel, than whom, in Mr. Gladstone's, "our constitutional and representative system never had a more loving child or a more devoted champion," and who, either from policy or nature, or both, completely adapted himself in all other respects to the temper and spirit of the new constitution, never admitted that, as member or as minister, he was in any sense a delegate. His tone on this point was consistently maintained. "As minister of the crown I reserve to myself, distinctly and unequivocally, the right of adapting my conduct to the exigency of the moment and to the wants of the country." Acting on this principle, the principle of the unreformed House of Commons, he felt it no reproach to have carried free trade, as he carried Catholic emancipation, without the formal consent, or even against the wishes, of the country. There shows the haughty, independent spirit of our ancient constitution. Now at the opening of the new era all eyes turned upon him, and speculation was rife as to what he was to do. Some suggested that, like Croker, he should fold his robe about him and leave the stage. Others proposed that he should form a sort of Labor party and dish a bourgeois régime. One young gentleman of literary acquirements and foreign appearance, who had written a novel and had travelled in the East, and who was to become prime minister of England, opined that now that oligarchy had fallen it was time to revive the mon-

archy of Charles the First. But the penetrating glance of him who was the object of these lamentations and condolences saw deeply and truly into the current of events; he did what nobody had recommended, and began by supporting the Whig government. This policy was exceedingly judicious, and at once gave to himself and his band of followers a commanding position. For as the danger of the time was that ministers should be hurried into revolutionary courses by the Radicals and by the Irish Repealers, those who now sheltered the timid Whigs from their own allies could appear as patriots in the eyes of the country, and as patrons of the most powerful majority that the century had seen. Persons acquainted with our peculiar system of government are aware that a prudent leader of Opposition should always act as though the administration was immediately to devolve upon himself; the omission to observe this rule of conduct was the ruin of Fox. And accordingly Peel, to the astonishment of those who looked for a generation of Whig government, acted as though he would shortly return to power, as, indeed, he did actually succeed in doing within a period of two years.

Meanwhile he looked about him for a party and for principles suited to the epoch. It was decided that Conservative should be the name adopted, and as for the original objects of that party, they are described by himself in 1838: "My object for some years past has been to lay the foundations of a great party which, existing in the House of Commons, and deriving its strength from the popular will, should diminish the risk and deaden the shock of collisions between the two deliberative branches of the legislature." That was the origin of the Conservative party, and the sentence which describes it is worthy of the most careful remembrance. But, since it is useless to give a name and principles to a body that has no existence, he anxiously collected and organized a following. The personality of a political leader is a main consideration with young men who are

deliberating upon which side they shall stake their fortunes; it was the personal magnetism of Pitt which drew George Canning from the Whig circle of Devonshire House and enrolled him among the Tories. Since the death of Pitt no young man of first-rate promise, with the exception of Peel—and he himself was a Pittite—had entered the Tory party in the House of Commons. Now all that was hopeful and brilliant in England gathered round the Conservative chief, and followed his standard in the day of battle. Supreme above the rest were two, comparable for strength and swiftness to the horses of Achilles:—

Two coursers of ethereal race,  
Their necks with thunder clothed, of long  
resounding pace.

The one in his pale, dark features showed traces of his Venetian, Spanish, and Jewish origin. He too would be prime minister of England, and in the pursuit of that aim must needs be more Byronical than Byron and more practical than Peel. To attract attention he must pile extravagance upon extravagance, outdressing D'Orsay, and out-writing Bulwer, and outdoing them all. But all this was ordered and regulated by the calm and calculating ambition that lay at the basis of the man, for he clearly recognized that in the politics of democracy you should only be really startling when you have statistics. Thus, on the advice of Shiel, the Irish orator, he alternately bored and electrified the House of Commons, so that grave and decent members who could not understand his wit became convinced that there was a good deal in him when they could not understand his figures. It is said that he first met Peel at a banquet given by Lord Elliot early in the year of the great Reform Bill, and as the two sat side by side Disraeli "reminded Peel by my dignified demeanor that he was an ex-minister and I a present Radical." But, unfortunately for the dignity of youth, Peel ceased in 1834 to be an ex-minister, and the other, observing the turning tide of public affairs, ceased to be a present

Radical. The "Letters of Runnymede" were dedicated to Sir Robert, and the astute author became a Conservative. He bought into the shares of the new company that was forming, for he perceived that the director was a man of business and that the shares would rise.

The other young man was as opposite in character and attainments as pole is opposite to pole. Like Peel, he was the son of a Lancashire merchant, and had been the most promising of his time at Oxford. His speech against the Reform Bill at the Oxford Union was perhaps the most effective ever delivered in that assembly, for it actually converted an opponent, who at its close solemnly moved over to the Tory benches. He was full of indignation and earnestness on all manner of subjects. He was as rigorous in the choice and as microscopic in the investigation of words as any doctor of scholastic learning, and indeed on leaving college he had disturbed his father by an expressed desire to enter holy orders. But that parent recommended foreign travel and arranged for a seat at Newark; yet though this diverted Mr. Gladstone from the pulpit into Parliament, it did not prevent him becoming, in the phrase of Döllinger, "the best theologian in England." Such were the two young men who for a few years ran side by side towards the goal that was before them under the guidance of Sir Robert Peel.

It is not too much to say that it was the monarchy that maintained the Whigs in office so late as 1841. But for that influence they would have fallen long before that date. Many concurrent causes served to render them weak and unpopular: there was the reaction against Radicalism; there was their Irish policy, which strove to be popular in Ireland and was proportionately unpopular here; there was the secession from their ranks of Stanley and Sir James Graham; there was their lamentable finance and inquisitive attention to Church moneys, and finally there was the dogged resistance of the House of Lords. But all this was

redeemed by three separate interventions of monarchy upon the political stage.

It will be remembered that at the close of 1834 William the Fourth suddenly dismissed his Whig ministers, and Peel was summoned from an entertainment at the Duchess of Torlonia's, as Wellington from the ball-room of Brussels. On arrival he dissolved Parliament, but did not secure a majority, and after a short struggle resigned office. Posterity may pronounce that the dissolution was scarcely a judicious act, and that he should have continued to hold it like a sword above the heads of his opponents. At any rate, this entry into office forced upon him by the king was premature, and only served to strengthen and consolidate the Whig party. Again, the accession of her Majesty in 1837 undoubtedly prolonged the tenure of Lord Melbourne, for it was generally felt at the ensuing elections that it would be unchivalrous as well as unpatriotic to perplex a young queen by a change of ministers. Thirdly, the Bedchamber question in 1839 between the court and Sir Robert actually restored to office the ministers who had fallen on the Jamaica controversy, but now returned because their female relations declined to follow them into opposition. Hence it was not till 1841 that Peel, now in a majority of over eighty, was able to form that which Mr. Gladstone has described as "a perfectly organized administration." It was high time, indeed, for our government had become confused abroad and at home contemptible; the deficit in our budgets was returning regularly with the return of spring, and the disorders of the State and the misery of the working classes were growing like some fundamental and incurable disease. Who should save us? There was Peel, perhaps, but, as M. Guizot used to say of him, "*il ne se déboutonna jamais*," and in his own phrase he declined to prescribe till he was called in. Yet people remembered that it was he who in his youth had governed Ireland against O'Connell, who at the age of



thirty-one had restored us to a sound currency, and that if now the Chartists were threatening revolution, it was he who as home secretary in old days had organized the police of London and had emancipated the Catholics. So the nation summoned him; they called for Sir Robert Peel.

It is not within these limits to describe what that ministry did—how O'Connell was thwarted in his attempt to repeal the Union, how deficits grew into surpluses, how the Bank Acts were passed, and how free trade was won. Only I shall recall to mind a story told by M. le Comte de Jarnac, which illustrates better than a long array of facts and figures the motives and character of the man who was now to rule. It was, if I remember aright, in 1847, the year preceding the revolution of 1848, that the count was dining with Sir Robert, then fallen from office, at his house in Whitehall. The count spoke hopefully of France and of the stability of the government of Louis-Philippe. His host listened with profound attention, sometimes inclining forwards as he assented, or shaking his head as he could not agree. Then, speaking in his turn, he foretold coming revolution and the earthquake that would shake the soil of this ancient Europe. He spoke of the tidal passions of democracy, of the vast realities of human misery, and of the unenlightened lot of man. And it was so that to the mind of his hearer the walls around him, bright with the masterpieces of Rubens and Reynolds, seemed to crumble and vanish, and that from the darkness arose, at the apostrophe of the statesman, the disinherited outcasts of society, who would return at all costs into their inheritance. "Then was it," said the count, "that I understood for the first time the motives for the abolition of the Corn Laws and the character of the genius of Sir Robert Peel."

He believed in the English people, for he knew them; and they believed in him for the same good cause. His life had been passed before the eyes of the public, and they saw by proof that be-

neath the conservative texture of his mind lay the forces of a masculine and unblinded reason which could cast aside all personal and party prejudices in the face of national necessities. M. Guizot, who knew him well, used to tell of the intense personal anxiety that the condition of the laboring classes caused to Sir Robert Peel; and Sir William Stephenson, who was his private secretary at the Treasury, informs me that he would labor regularly for sixteen hours a day. And indeed the good of our people was his good, and his happiness was in their prosperity. He liked them too much to flatter them, and understood their interests too deeply to be always asking them what they would wish him to do. He told them to be bold and manly; to rely upon themselves and to seek salvation in their own great qualities:—

This night you will select the motto which is to indicate the commercial policy of England. Shall it be "Advance" or "Recede"? Which is the fitter motto for this great empire? Survey our position; consider the advantage which God and nature have given us, and this destiny for which we are intended. We stand on the confines of western Europe, the chief connecting link between the Old World and the New. The discoveries of science, the improvement of navigation have brought us within ten days of St. Petersburg, and will soon bring us within ten days of New York. We have an extent of coast greater in proportion to our population and the area of our land than any other great nation, securing to us maritime strength and superiority. Iron and coal, the sinews of manufacture, give us advantages over every rival in the great competition of industry. Our capital far exceeds that which they can command. In ingenuity, in skill, in energy we are inferior to none. Our national character, the free institutions under which we live, the liberty of thought and action, an unshackled press, spreading the knowledge of every discovery and of every advance in science, combine with our natural and physical advantages to place us at the head of those nations which profit by the free interchange of their products. And is this the country to shrink from competition? Is this the country to adopt a retrograde policy? Is this the country which can only flourish

in the sickly, artificial atmosphere of prohibition?

Choose your motto, "Advance" or "Recede."

"It may be that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of good-will." That wish is hard of fulfilment, now that those who knew him living are too few to do more than hand on a faint light of remembrance to us, the coming generation. But there is the House of Commons, his own native place, still bearing in its better hours the marks and memories of his ancient ascendancy. And there is the English people, whose unrivalled commerce is free and whose food is plentiful through him. Therefore to realize what he was we must not go to libraries or historians, but we must stand where his statue looks down Cheapside to the Bank of England, and we must place ourselves on the crowded quays of Liverpool, or Shanghai, or Belfast, or London. But above all places else we should enter into the homes and cottages of our people at the hour when, in his own words, "they shall recruit their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened by a sense of injustice."

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From The Gentleman's Magazine.  
PETER'S WOOING.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

Why didn't I marry Mary Jane? Well, I'll jest tell 'ee.

When I was a young chap, I worked along o' Farmer Simms up at Fowley. 'Twere a dairy farm, as ye know, and farmer and his missis were jest about workers, allers at it from dawn to dark, not that they'd much call, seein' as they'd only got one child, Mary Jane. But lor! they were that set upon that gal, for all the world like a hen wi' one chick, and nothing would content the old 'ooman but that Mary Jane should go to skule and learn the pianny, tho' she and the maister didn't theirselves

know "B from a bull's fut," as the sayin' is.

There's too much pianny-work goin' on in these days, I'm tould. All very well for gentlefolks, and sich loike, but not for workin' folks, sez I, it makes 'em good for nought so far as I see. Teach the young uns to read their Bibles and write their names, and if they has the nack o' larnin', lor, they'll larn, as many a one has done afore!

But the missis thought as how by larnin' the pianny, Mary Jane would become a lady, when, as every one knows, ye can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ears, so what came of it? Why, when that there gal was "finished," as her poor old mother called it, she wer'n't "neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, nor good red-herrin'," as the sayin' is.

I had been worken up at the farm some years, and farmer kind o' took to me, and so did the missis, I will say that; so one day, when I were sortin' taters in the out-ouse, and she were a-helpin' a bit, sez she:—

"Peter, how is it ye ain't thinkin' o' gettin' married?—ye're twenty-sivin about."

I *had* been a-thinkin' of Bessie Lar-kins, but I didn't tell, see. So I sez:—"Plenty o' time for that, missis!"

"Maybe there is," was what she said; "but I was wonderin' now as to what ye thinks o' our Mary Jane."

Well, to be plain, I fancied she were a bit too top-lofty for I; but as my ole mother used to zay, "Don't 'ee marry for money, but go where money is;" so I jest bided a bit afore I said, artful loike:—

"Do 'ee think as how she'd look at a chap loike I, missis?"

"Try her, Peter," sez she, a-snicker-ing.

So the next Sunday, as we come out o' church, I asks Mary Jane to go for a walk wi' I, which she seemed moighty pleased to do; but lor! she were that foine, all frills and furbelows, with a purrysol, too! that I were a-most ashamed for the village chaps to see her alongside o' I, and I didn't know what to say to she neither; not loike

when Bessie were wi' I. So on we goes, she a mincin' loike a cat on hot bricks, and there was I, for all the world loike a toad under a hurrer, all the whooles a-wishin' I never asked she to take a walk. By'm-by we come up to a field o' turmutts which I'd a-hoe'd a day or two afore, and a night's rain had brought 'em up foine. Sezs Mary Jane with her purrysol top a-tween her lips:—

"How wonderful are the works o' natur."

"Natur be all very well," says I, "but if that there field had been left to natur, ne'er a turmut would a been there for weeds, so I tell 'ee plain."

Mary Jane she tossed up her head scornful loike, and the flowers and ribbons in her bonnet jest about niddled and noddled; so on we goes, till as I moinds we come to that stile which leads into Higher Croft, and as I was a going to help she over into the field she stopped, and pointed with her purrysol at a old sow wi' a litter o' young uns as were a-grubbin' up the acarns jest about.

"Mr. Peter, look at that creature! But it reminds me so of dear Mr. Hogg," and how she did snicker surely. "Have you ever read Hogg's tales?"

"Mary Jane," sezs I, quite wrath, "I've a read my Bible and Catechism, and that's as much as most folks can, so don't 'ee go to make game o' I; hog's tales, indeed! Ye'll be sayin' next as how cats can grin." Wi' that I turns about a bit houghish, when who should I see but young squire close at hand, and it's my belief as how Mary Jane had a-seen him all along, and wanted to show off her larnin' to him. Hogs' tails, indeed! I niver got over that!

At last we got back whoam, and I were mortal tired, I tell 'ee; howsomever, I took out Bessie arter I had milked the cows that night, and wasn't a bit weary then.

Still, I were civil to Mary Jane, and didn't ask Bess to say "Yes," leastways not then, and p'raps niver should but for Mary Jane's own fault, tho' I'm thankful now as never was that I didn't have she!

"Twere fair day; the maister had gone with some heifers; i were left about the place, and the missis she were at the wash-tub—the 'ooman as used to come bein' down wi' rheumatics.

"Wilt moind scraps to-day, Peter? I be that pushed wi' work there be ne'er a minnit to get dinner."

"Taters and sarlt u'll do for I, missis, don't 'ee fash," for I see'd she were rale yet and weary. Arl the whiles I year'd Mary Jane a-twiddling at that there blessed pianny, instead on her 'elpin' the poor fagged mother.

"Nay, but thee'll have summat else a'sides taters and sarlt, my lad," for the missis she talk countrified at toimes. "I'll call Mary Jane, and she'll fry thee some bacon rashers, she be a 'andy maaid, tho' I sezs it as shouldn't mabbe."

Wi' that she oöpens the door into the 'ouse-place, as we carls it in our parts, and sezs out loud:—

"Mary Jane! I wants thee, lass."

The moosic stopped sudden, not that I ever cared for the noise she made on that pianny. I knows what rale good moosic is, for I've asung in our choir this many a year, and played double bass too when I were young; but the missis, poor soul, thought a deal of Mary Jane's tunes. Howsomever, in she comes, dressed up loike squire's lady instead of a farmer's darter.

"What is it, mar?" she snapped out, as cross as a bear with a sore head; she allers said "par and mar" since she had been to that grand skule at Frampton. "Mother and father" was not gin-teel, she told us.

"Will 'ee fry some rashers for Peter's dinner? I've cut 'em arl 'andy for thee, and there's the pan on the fire."

I sat by wi' a dish of mealy taters a peelin' on 'em 'ready, for, thinks I to me-self, "if I waits for that bacon, I shall be clemmed."

For she took 'em up wi' a fork as if the wholesome meat was pisen, holden it off from she wi' her nose turned up in the air, and then flopped 'em into the pan, making the fat spurt out loike a good un arl over her fine frock.

"Horrid stuff!" sezs she, in a tiff;

"I wish people would eat proper food."

I went on wi' my taters and sarlt. All at once up blazed the fat, and Mary Jane she screams out loike mad.

"What be'st thee doing?" calls out the missis from the wash-'us.

"The nasty thing's all on fire," she screamed.

"Ye've no call to mind, missis, I'll see to it," says I. So I puts out the blaze, and poured out all the black fat into the hog-tub aside the back door.

Mary Jane niver so much as said "Thank'ee," but, looking as cross as two sticks, goes on with her frying. I went back to my taters and sarlt.

"None of that muck for me," thinks I. I was eating away, as toime was gettin' on to serve the pigs, when out screams Mary Jane again in that fackless way of hers.

"Oh! do come here, mar; all this nasty bacon is curlin' up, it won't keep flat."

"La bless the lass!" cried the poor tired soul, as in she come to see what was the matter, wiping her arms with her apron, for sh'd jest taken 'em out o' the soap-suds; "whativer be up wi' thee?"

"I can't fry this bacon," says Mary Jane; and look what a mess I'm in too!"

"Get away do," said the missis, out o' patience at last with young madam's whimsies; "a pretty poor man's wife thee'll be."

"I don't intend to be a poor man's wife," sezs she.

"Nor a rich one's either," thinks I; "for a man wi' money will want summut better nor the loikes o' you for his cash;" but I sed nothin', only, as I went out, I sezs to the poor old missis:—

"I've had my dinner, thank'ee, ma'am"—I was allers a civil chap—"so don't 'ee fash about frying any more, leastways not for I." Wi' that I goes out to serve the pigs, which were makin' a rare noise for their food.

That night, arter I done work, I clesed myself up, and went to see Bessie Larkins; and in less than three

months we were "called home" at church, which is what they sezs in our part for "publishin' the banns;" and a good wife has Bessie been to I. There she sits! *She* knew what work was, and did it too, havin' lived with old Miss Smiles for nigh upon fifteen year.

As for Mary Jane, she niver got a husband wi' all her money, for the old folks left her a tidy bit.

You see she warn't eddicated enough to make a lady on 'er, and the little bit o' planny playin', and such loike, spilled her for reg'lar work. Depend upon it, a *real* lady can turn her hand to anything, and isn't ashamed to own it; why I've known some as could do any mortal thing, and yet well fit to sit down in Queen Victoria's own drawin'-room!

So that's why I never married Mary Jane.

PENLEY REYD.

From LA Revue Scientifique.  
AN ISLAND OF PEACE.

In the Pacific, midway between New Zealand and New Caledonia, there is an island whose history is curious enough. It is Norfolk Island, discovered in 1776 by the celebrated navigator Cook. Its coasts are nearly inaccessible; cliffs prevent landing on all sides, except at two points, on the north and the south respectively, which permit of access and which are so utilized by vessels. The soil, which is of a dark tint, is very fertile; it produces nearly all the tropical plants as well as those of temperate countries. Besides coffee, bananas, sugarcane, leguminous vegetables of all kinds, oranges, lemons, and citrons, the grape, apples, etc., flourish there marvellously. As for the flora peculiar to the island, it is necessary only to mention the famous Norfolk Island pine (*Araucaria excelsa*). We have said that the history of the island is very curious. In the beginning, Norfolk received from Sydney, its sister colony, a population of convicts; then abandoned and again

reoccupied, it became in 1826 a place for the transportation of condemned habitual criminals. Terrible and bloody scenes were enacted there, but at the suppression of transportation to the Australian colonies the island was again abandoned. Now there was at this date in the same Pacific Ocean another island whose inhabitants asked nothing better than to be removed; these islanders were the descendants of the mutinous crew of the English ship *Bounty*, whose history, too long to tell here, and, besides, well known doubtless to the reader, forms one of the most dramatic episodes of the maritime annals of the eighteenth century. The mutineers of the *Bounty*, after taking wives at Tahiti, settled on Pitcairn Island, not less accessible than Norfolk; they were leading there a life unknown to the rest of the world with which they had broken off all relations, when, long years after, an English ship having by chance touched at this unknown and supposedly deserted isle was surprised to find there human beings, compatriots.

The origin of this population was not such as to recommend it, but long years had flown, and the past was forgotten; everybody in England showed the deepest interest in these new Robinson Crusoes when their history became known. With time the islanders had multiplied and found their island of Pitcairn too small for them. They asked that England, which was, after all, the suzerain of these subjects of whose existence she had so long been ignorant, should cede to them the abandoned Norfolk Island,

with all its buildings, penitentiary and agricultural. We see, then, the islanders breaking up their homes to go and settle in a place nearly three thousand miles away, where they debarked on June 8, 1836, to the number of one hundred and ninety-nine persons of both sexes. These one hundred and ninety-nine are to-day eight hundred and thirty-two, living by the whale-fishery and by agriculture, under a government that is simplicity itself. The island is under the jurisdiction of the governor of New South Wales; it is administered by three functionaries, of whom the principal or "chief magistrate" receives one hundred and twenty-five dollars yearly salary; the chief postmaster has forty dollars, and the register of land twenty-five dollars. Perhaps these salaries may seem small, but it must be added that there is no public revenue, since there are no duties. The sole tax consists of obligatory labor, to which all the male inhabitants from eighteen to sixty years of age are subject, and which represents four days of work between January and June, chiefly in road repairing. The laws, which are few in number and as simple as the political and administrative organization of the island, do not fill more than two sheets of paper. Police would be needless; as nobody commits any crimes, there are no prisons. The climate being very healthful, sickness is unknown; nevertheless there is, as a precaution, one physician who, like the chaplain, is an official agent; both of them are paid from a fund administered by the governor of New South Wales.

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**Animal Humbugs.**—In military stables horses are known to have pretended to be lame in order to avoid going to a military exercise. A chimpanzee had been fed on cake when sick; after his recovery he often feigned coughing in order to procure dainties. The cuckoo, as is well known, lays its eggs in another bird's nest, and to make the deception surer it takes away one of the other bird's eggs. Animals are conscious of their deceit, as shown by the fact that they try to act secretly and

noiselessly; they show a sense of guilt if detected; they take precautions in advance to avoid discovery; in some cases they manifest regret and repentance. Thus, bees which steal hesitate often before and after their exploits, as if they feared punishment. A naturalist describes how his monkey committed theft; while he pretended to sleep the animal regarded him with hesitation, and stopped every time his master moved or seemed on the point of awakening.



